APRIL 1957

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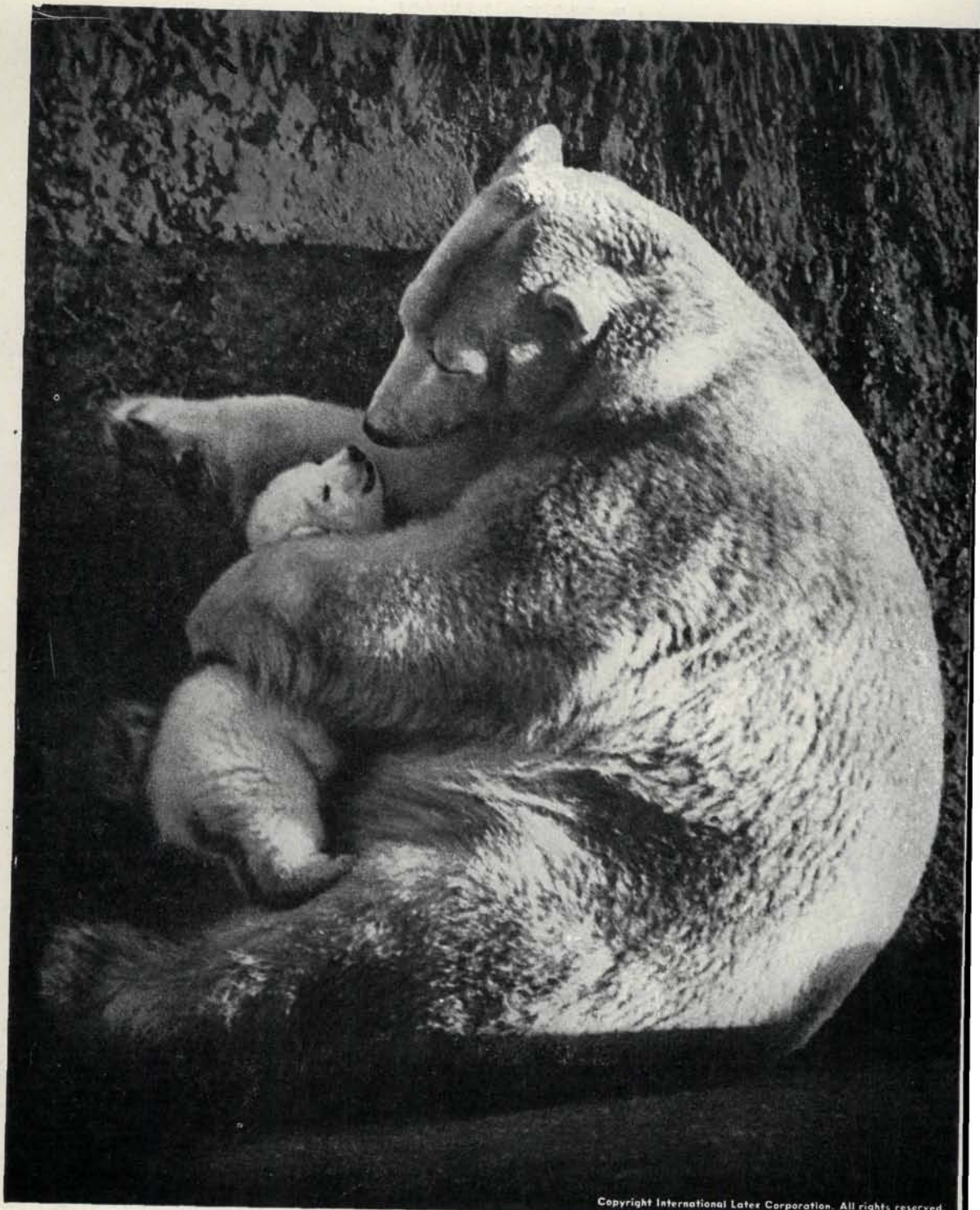

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COMMENTARY

THE AMERICAN MIND IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS

National Virtue and International Realities

ROBERT LANGBAUM

IN FINALLY taking over responsibility for the Middle East, the United States, as so often before in this century, is doing in the end, at great cost, what it was perfectly clear from the beginning she would have to do—and what, if done earlier, might have been accomplished with relative ease. Only this winter John Foster Dulles warned Congress that the Russians were penetrating the Middle East and that we might face World War III if we did not rush to fill the vacuum left by the retirement of the British. Yet it was Dulles who for a year pooh-poohed just such warnings from the British, French, and Israelis. And it was Dulles who put pressure on the British to evacuate the Suez Canal Zone, and whose policy afterward helped to drive the British out of the Middle East and to create the vacuum which now so alarms him.

In the disputes between the British and the Arab nationalists, as in the disputes between the Arabs and the Israelis, the United States was not *against* anybody. We simply refused to exert our will in the matter. We recognized of course that Western Europe could not afford to allow the Suez Canal and the Middle East oil fields to fall into hostile hands. But we felt that we could hardly impose our will on Colonel Nasser, or help the British impose theirs, without increasing Arab antagonism and making matters even worse than they were. Besides, strong nations, no matter how justified they thought they were, had no *right* to impose their will on weaker nations. These disputes, we felt, must be settled according to legal procedures. They must be negotiated under the auspices of the United Nations.

The trouble with refusing to take a stand is that it always seems to require you to take a very positive stand against the people on your own side. America's pre-World War II neutrality involved, as a positive program, seeing to it that no aid got sent to the Spanish Loyalists and the Ethiopians; so that Hitler, in looking ahead to the war with Britain and France, must have counted the American Neutrality Acts of 1935 and 1937 among his chief military assets. In the same way, we demonstrated our refusal to exert our will over Nasser's seizure of the

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THE moral dimension of the Middle Eastern crisis has loomed large, both in this country and Great Britain, raising the general question of the relation of morality and politics in a most concrete form. ROBERT LANGBAUM addresses himself to the question from the American side, followed by Max Beloff from the British side. Mr. Langbaum teaches English at Cornell University. His book, *The Poetry of Experience,* will be published soon by Random House. He contributed "Totalitarianism: A Disease of Modernism" to our May 1955 issue.

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Suez Canal by taking very positive steps to prevent the British and French from exerting theirs. We insisted they negotiate, at the same time that we insured the failure of the negotiations by taking away from the British and French any bargaining power which their ability to apply or even threaten pressure might have given them.

During the Suez invasion we worked actively in the United Nations to insure its failure. We did not hesitate to threaten the British with economic ruin in order to force their withdrawal from Egypt, and we later applied similar threats to Israel. We have yet, however, as far as anyone can see, to apply a comparable pressure upon the Arab states to make them cooperate in a Middle East settlement. For that would be to exert our will; and it is, by our curious reasoning, only when we threaten our friends, especially when these threats are to the detriment of our own interests, that we regard ourselves as playing fair. Now that we have been left to wrestle with Colonel Nasser over a Suez and general Middle East settlement, it remains to be seen whether we will be forced to change our tactics and apply pressure to him. If we do, we will soon find ourselves in a position *vis-à-vis* Nasser not unlike that of the British, and we will be cursed just as roundly by Nasser and his supporters.

However much Americans may deplore the British-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt, it was that event which woke us up to our responsibilities in the Middle East and made us realize the mistakes we had been making. It forced us, in the month following the invasion, to learn again the lesson which American policy of the past decade had on the whole given us to believe we had learned—that a great power cannot stand off from events, that if you will not manage events yourself you are handing the management of them over to your enemy.

The history of the 20th century has made it clear that whenever the United States does not *seem* to know what she wants, and does not exert power in a definite and positive way to get what she wants, trouble ensues—not only for us but for the whole world. I say we do not *seem* to know what we want, because deep down we do know. The fact that we always in the end take action in what is for us, though apparently not for our enemies, a perfectly predictable direction is a sign that we do know. The Communist invasion of South Korea took place after the United States had in many ways indicated that Korea was not for us an area of primary strategic importance. Yet as any thoughtful American could have predicted, once the invasion started we went to war to stop it.

We proceeded to make the same mistake in the Middle East when we indicated that we did not consider it an area of primary strategic importance for us. We indicated this by staying out of the Baghdad Pact and by putting pressure on the British to evacuate the Suez Canal Zone without their first getting adequate guarantees for the protection of allied interest there. We certainly indicated our detached attitude toward the Middle East when, after Nasser's seizure of the Canal, Secretary Dulles, while undermining all the efforts of Britain and France to protect themselves, talked grandly of taking the case to the United Nations and even of not being able to support the "so-called colonial powers."

To the Russians—who are, we must remember, as cynical about our motives as we are about theirs—Dulles's talk must have seemed the sheerest hypocrisy. For they would have decided that when the United States feels its *really* vital interests at stake, it does not—as in Okinawa, Iceland, or Formosa—talk about colonialism or depend for action upon the United Nations. The Russians would not have forgotten Korea, where we announced our intervention first and then went to the United Nations for approval. Nor would they have forgotten the revolution that brought down the pro-Communist government of Guatemala—a revolution they would be sure we had inspired.

Dulles's legalistic talk would therefore have been interpreted by the Russians as a sign that Washington had written off the

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Suez Canal and the Middle East oil fields as indefensible in case of war. Yet it was clear to any American who looked ahead that we could not and would not, when the pinch really came, allow the Russians to take over the Middle East.

Our action, when the pinch came, is a sign of what might have been done earlier. The President announced that we would oppose the dispatch to Egypt of Communist "volunteers," and all Communist talk of "volunteers" stopped abruptly. The President's indication that we viewed with "concern" the shipment of Soviet arms to Syria, and would view "with the utmost gravity" any hostile move against the Baghdad Pact nations, probably saved the government of Iraq from collapse. And enunciation of the "Eisenhower Doctrine" for the Middle East has put new life into the Baghdad Pact—as evidenced by the meeting of the Moslem members of the Pact at Ankara—and has posed a threat to Nasser's "neutralist" bloc of Arab nations—as evidenced by King Saud's trip to Washington and the subsequent division at Cairo between the anti-Communist attitude of the Kings of Saudi Arabia and Jordan and the pro-Communist "neutralism" of Egypt and Syria. Finally, the explicit stand of the United States (forced from us, to be sure, by Israel) against the Egyptian claim to rights of belligerency against Israel could, if followed through consistently, lead to a Middle East settlement which would protect the area from further Russian encroachment.

Why then did it take us so long to realize, or at least to act as though we realized, that we would not allow the Middle East to fall into Russian hands? All nations make mistakes. But the mistakes of other nations usually come from a misdirection of will, while ours come more often from an abdication of will. We seem to need a crisis to force us to take, not so much the right action, as action itself. Why?

THE question lies at the heart of most of that postwar discussion of American foreign policy which has tried to account for our refusal before World War II to act like the world's greatest power, and to insure our acting that way in future. Typical of the kind of lessons being taught us nowadays is a recent book, *An Introduction to American Foreign Policy* (1955), by two professors of Political Science, Edgar S. Furniss, Jr. and Richard C. Snyder, which traces the history of American foreign policy in order to show how after 1939 we changed from a small-power to a great-power way of thinking about world affairs. Speaking of the crisis in American thinking that led after 1936 first to our rearmament and finally to our participation in World War II, the authors write that the thing Americans had to learn was to stop being afraid of words like "national power" or "power politics."

> Those who sought [before World War II] to demonstrate what is now, after World War II, self-evident—that both phrases can be used, not as value judgments, but simply as recognition of the fact that the presence or absence of the attributes of national strength plays a great role in the relationships between sovereign states—were bitterly assailed from both flanks, by idealists who wanted the United States to lead the world toward Utopia by the strength of its moral position, and by those who wanted to retain for their country the inherently contradictory luxury of a powerful nation behaving like a small, weak state. Abnegation and denial of power had characterized American foreign policy after World War I, and many wished to continue this role of irresponsibility.

Since World War II, nobody has bothered to attack the latter group, the old-fashioned isolationists—victory on that front having generally been won. The effort now would seem to be to woo us away from, or at least to modify, that evangelistic spirit in foreign affairs which in its latest manifestation as Wilsonian idealism one had supposed to be the very opposite of isolationism. One sees now, however, that Wilsonian idealism belongs to the same small-power point of view as isolationism; for it supposes that we can exert paramount influence in the world without exerting paramount power. One sees now that Wilsonian idealism is the natural outgrowth of that isolationist spirit which, hav-

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ing considered America too pure to soil her hands in European politics, presumes, once intervention is forced upon us, to teach those benighted Europeans the few "American" principles necessary to set their house in order.

These principles boil down to the single one that foreign affairs ought to be conducted as we conduct our affairs at home: according to strict legal and parliamentary procedures, and democratically. Delegates ought to respond to the pressures of their electorates, and negotiations ought to be conducted publicly where they can be subjected to popular scrutiny and judgment. Since World War II the effort of what might be called advanced thinking on foreign affairs has been to show us the practical limitations of such principles.

In a series of lectures delivered at Princeton (published as *Democracy in World Politics,* 1955), the Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs, Lester B. Pearson, opposes to the Wilsonian slogan "open covenants openly arrived at" the words of a French diplomat, "The day secrecy is abolished negotiations of any kind will become impossible." And Max Beloff, in lectures at Johns Hopkins (published as *Foreign Policy and the Democratic Process,* 1955), speaks of the new affection for the "old diplomacy," stimulated by the abuse of the United Nations and of international conferences for purely propagandistic activities.

Like so many people these days, Beloff quotes Count Alexis de Tocqueville on his visit to the United States in 1831.

> Foreign politics demand scarcely any of those qualities which a democracy possesses; and they require, on the contrary, the perfect use of almost all those faculties in which it is deficient. . . . A democracy is unable to regulate the details of an important undertaking, to persevere in a design, and to work out its execution in the presence of serious obstacles. It cannot combine its measures with secrecy, and it will not await their consequences with patience. These are qualities which more especially belong to an individual or to an aristocracy; and they are precisely the means by which an individual people attains to a predominant position.

Beloff then goes on to show how the events leading up to and following World War II have forced Americans to realize that Tocqueville's prediction had more validity than we were earlier willing to recognize.

THE high respect we nowadays give to Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* is a sign of our new critical attitude toward certain democratic assumptions. Although Tocqueville is sympathetic to American democracy, he turns upon it a mind which, because we recognize it as alien—as European, aristocratic, "hard"—strikes us as more *realistic* than the "softer" American or democratically oriented minds we are used to. The taste for Tocqueville is part of a new taste for "hard"-minded writers; it is a manifestation of that new post-World War II climate of opinion which, whether it parades under the banner of the new Moral Realism in literary discussion or under the banner of what in political discussion is sometimes called the New Conservatism and sometimes the New (or critical) Liberalism, shows Americans as preoccupied with *reality* because they are up against situations for which their inherited ideas can no longer serve as guides.

"Reality" is the key word in current discussions of American foreign policy—as in George F. Kennan's recent book, *Realities of American Foreign Policy* (1954), which by its title alone criticizes our democratic illusions on that subject. Americans would like to think of diplomacy as an intercourse between peoples and hence our faith in international parliaments. But "in international affairs," says Kennan, "it *is* governments, not peoples with whom we have to deal. . . . Only a government can speak usefully and responsibly in foreign affairs."

Walter Lippmann wrote his latest book (*The Public Philosophy,* 1955) precisely to blame the decline of the West on the misunderstanding of democracy which has caused the cession of executive power, the power to deal with other governments, to the public at large. In 1917, says Lippmann, a subtle revolution took place inside the

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Western democracies. In order to get the people to work harder and harder as the continuing war required, the Western governments democratized their war aims and conduct by pursuing total victory and by promising total peace. Thus they lost the power of strategic decision over the war and the peace.

> This revolution appeared to be a cession of power to the representative assemblies, and when it happened it was acclaimed as promising the end of the evils of secret diplomacy and the undemocratic conduct of unpopular wars. In fact, the powers which were ceded by the executive passed through the assemblies, which could not exercise them, to the mass of voters who, though unable also to exercise them, passed them on to the party bosses, the agents of pressure groups, and the magnates of the new media of mass communications. The consequences were disastrous and revolutionary. The democracies became incapacitated to wage war for rational ends and to make a peace which would be observed or could be enforced.

The danger, according to Lippmann, is that the public will have nothing less than total or absolute ends for foreign policy, yet always chooses, when it comes to action, the "soft" rather than the "hard" policy. The public always prefers to do nothing or as little as possible rather than to do something decisive.

The trouble with Lippmann's analysis is that he assumes that left to its own devices the government would pursue "hard" policies. Yet the history of this century does not suggest that the governments of the democracies have been appreciably *ahead* of their peoples in willingness to take strong action. In major instances—the Spanish Civil War, the appeasement of Hitler—they have been distinctly *behind*, at least behind the more vocal part of the population. It was governments, especially the professional diplomats and soldiers, who were inclined to see Hitler and are now inclined to see Nasser as just another politician with whom we could do business. The professionals have shown themselves to be even less adept than the public at seeing through to the irrational motives of nations and their leaders and to the ultimate moral implications of certain policies.

KENNAN is more satisfactory than Lippmann because he sees the danger as a misapplication of moral ideas—ideas we all share, governors and governed alike. We are, he suggests, too moral in the wrong places and not moral enough in the right places. He reminds us that "we cannot, when it comes to dealings between governments, assign to moral values the same significance we give them in personal life."

> Let us face it: in most international differences elements of right or wrong, comparable to those that prevail in personal relationships are—if they exist at all, which is a question—simply not discernible to the outsider. . . . Do you find this shocking? There is hardly a national state in this world community, including our own, whose ultimate origin did not lie in acts of violence.

This does not mean that Kennan is an exponent of power politics. On the contrary, he takes a stand against those Americans who were overwhelmed after World War II by the realization that we had destroyed the German monster only to make way for the Russian one and became wholly absorbed with power values, with the necessity of solving the world's problems by destroying the latest monster. We must, says Kennan, stop seeing our enemies as monsters whose exorcism would leave us a world without conflicts. Our enemies' ambitions arise from causes which will always produce new enemies for us. Let us stop supposing therefore that the task of international politics is to eliminate the *evil* nation and then to rely on rigid legalistic procedures to maintain the *good* nations in their present status.

"The task of international politics is not to inhibit change," says Kennan, it is to recognize conflict and change as normal and "to find means to permit change to proceed without repeatedly shaking the peace of the world. This task will be best approached not through the establishment of rigid legal norms but by the traditional devices of poli-

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tical expediency." For it is just in the really vital issues over which nations go to war that they will not submit to legal judgments, especially to UN resolutions passed by nations who are themselves voting to advance their own interests. India, after all her preaching to others, flouted the United Nations over Kashmir; Britain, France, and Israel, who have an important stake in the United Nations, nevertheless flouted it, at least temporarily, over Egypt. Can we suppose that the United States, if forced to choose between a United Nations resolution and what she considered to be her really vital interests, would act any differently?

It can be objected that political expediency is the oldest diplomatic game in the world and has never prevented wars. It can also be objected that Kennan forgets Hitler, who, bent on universal holocaust, never showed much consideration for expediency; or Stalin, who used the cold war to maintain despotic power within the Communist world and would not have been deterred by any bargain we might have offered him. The answer to these objections is first, that where expediency does not work legalistic procedures certainly will not, and second, that Kennan is addressing Americans and seeking to correct specifically American errors of thought. He might have made quite other proposals to citizens of other countries.

This brings us to the sense in which Kennan would have us be more moral than we are—and, incidentally, break once and for all with our long isolationist tradition, both in its pre-Wilsonian and its Wilsonian phases. He would have us, without renouncing our present purposes, still renounce the claim to a "special moral distinction." He would have us "admit that we Americans, like everyone else, are only people, in whose lives the elements of weakness and virtue are . . . thoroughly and confusingly intermingled." Not only would such a renunciation give us a more honest moral position, but it would also free us from the sense of shame that goes along with the claim to a special moral distinction—the "sense of shame over the fact that we do exist, that we are a great nation, and that as such we occasionally have needs we are obliged to express to other people and to ask them to respect." Such a renunciation would be a real break with isolationism, for we would finally give up the illusion that we can avoid the fate of other great powers—that we can take responsibility for the world's affairs without soiling our hands in the world's good-and-evil.

It is just here, I think, in the fear of our own power, which is to say the fear of taking the moral chances of genuine commitment, that we find the answer to our original question—why in this century has the United States been so consistently late in taking the action overseas which she knew from the start she would have to take? We have, I think, been reluctant to give up that irreproachable reputation we enjoyed in the last century, at least in the other hemisphere, where we had no really vital interests. In this hemisphere, where we had our vital interests, our reputation was on the contrary quite bad. The aim of Kennan and of all those who are trying to change our way of thinking about foreign affairs is to bring our thinking up to date with our present position in the world and the foreign policy it requires. It is to give us a moral rationale for that policy so we can execute it more effectively, and without being afraid of it as outside our moral understanding and therefore as *wicked reality*. It is to make us stop feeling guilty about our power and use it, confidently and decisively, to accomplish the things we believe in. The aim, in other words, is to make us stop thinking like a provincial nation and start thinking like citizens of a nation whose decisions determine the course of world affairs.

DOES this mean *Realpolitik*, that moral considerations are to play no part in our foreign policy? Not at all. Our moral principles remain what they are, both as to ends and means. The difference is that we must now take more facts into account in making practical moral judgments. We must test our principles against the difficult ambiguities of

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actual conditions, which means that we must really exercise our moral intelligence.

It began to look during the post-World War II decade as though we had learned to make such complex judgments. We combined with our support of the United Nations certain actions taken outside the United Nations—the Truman Doctrine for Greece and Turkey, the stationing of the Sixth Fleet between Formosa and the Chinese mainland, and even Truman's initiative in first announcing our intervention in Korea and then going to the United Nations for approval. We also combined with our traditional anti-colonialism an alliance with Britain and France and a rejection of certain nationalist movements—in Indochina and Malaya, for example—which were dominated by Communists. But the strain of reconciling so many conflicting considerations was apparently too much for us: the breaking point came with the invasion of Egypt, when we found we could no longer reconcile our anti-colonialism and allegiance to the United Nations with our friendship for Britain, France, and Israel.

The tortuous route by which we have since that time groped our way toward a Middle East policy shows perfectly the difficulties we face in finding a moral position consonant with the facts. Not only did a majority of Americans breathe a sigh of moral relief when the administration took its stand against the invasion, but during the month following the invasion America went on a regressive binge, taking a holiday from the arduous responsibilities of the last ten years. Isolationist voices were raised once again, hailing the break with Britain and France as finally freeing us from the need to underwrite their "imperialism" and giving us the chance to pursue at long last an "American policy." When the President himself proclaimed, after the invasion of Egypt, that "we cannot subscribe to one law for the weak and another for the strong. . . . There can be only one law or there will be no peace"—we were back to the position so dear to American hearts, the position of irreproachable righteousness.

Yet the facts show that the President's stand was untenable whether by realistic, moral, or legal considerations. Realistically, it was clear that we were weakening our side and strengthening the Russians in the Middle East and that we would eventually have ourselves to supply the power to fill the vacuum we were helping to create. Morally, we were standing against three of the world's staunchest democracies in favor of a proto-fascist backed by a Communist dictatorship. Nor was there any doubt where in a moral sense the original and ultimate aggression lay—who was out to stir up trouble, who was out to annihilate whom. Even legally speaking, the "one law" to which the President alluded simply does not exist. If it did the invasion would never have taken place, for Egypt would not have been allowed to go on practicing her aggressions.

THE trouble with an untenable moral position is that it forces you to alternate between stupidity and hypocrisy—between ignoring the facts and then, when you are finally forced to face them, using your inadequate morality to cover up what without a rationale must prove to be a clumsy opportunism. That is why it would be a misunderstanding of Kennan's idea of a realistic diplomacy to suppose that he would favor the hypocrisy any more than the stupidity. What he is after is a moral position which would enable us to act in consonance with the facts and our just interests. It is of course an old American habit to feel most sincere and high-minded at just those points where American policy seems to ignore the facts as well as American self-interest. Against that habit I can only cite the words of a political theorist friend of mine—"In politics stupidity is not moral."

That is perhaps the essential lesson Americans must learn. We feel righteous when we are regaling each other with truisms and uneasy when we have actually to look into the moral substance of things. We would rather moralize than be moral. We have therefore to get it established that we can, for example, believe in the self-determina-

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tion of subject peoples without having to approve of Nasser's kind of nationalism—which thus far has had nothing but hatred to offer as a cure for Arab ignorance and poverty; or without having to support all the political maneuvers of the log-rolling Asian-African bloc.

In the same way, we can be all for the United Nations without having to pretend that the international community is analogous to the national community. Since international affairs are still largely anarchic and nations bear arms as private citizens do not, we cannot judge aggression as in domestic law we judge crime—by a single technical criterion: who fired the gun or who stepped across the border with a force above a certain size. In judging aggression the whole situation, which is to say moral quality and intent, must be taken into account. In Korea, the moral quality of the two sides would not have been different had the South Koreans got wind of the attack and crossed the border first to forestall it. Nor is the moral quality of the Israelis and the Egyptions different because Israel could not afford to continue exchanging raids with the Egyptians while waiting patiently for the final slaughter. If the United Nations cannot, like a domestic government, protect its members against limited aggression, then it cannot deprive them of the means of protecting themselves. That is why the best way to serve the international community is not to suppose that, at this point in history, any legal mechanism can automatically secure its interests, but to remember the difference between those nations whose policies serve the interests of the international community and those whose policies do not, and to work in a positive way for and with the former. That is the kind of thing Kennan means when he warns us not to rely for maintaining the peace upon rigidly legalistic procedures, but upon what he calls political expediency.

But our government does of course, beneath its confusing talk and its still more confusing behavior, rely on political expediency. We have now, with the Eisenhower Doctrine, thrown our own power into the breach in the Middle East, though we still do not know how we are going to introduce that power without offending anybody. In the same way, it was not the United Nations but the United States which, by a combination of threats and promises, forced the Israeli withdrawal from Sharm el Sheikh and the Gaza Strip. The result is that responsibility for Israel's security now rests squarely upon the United States. But then the United States has now, having added the Eisenhower Doctrine to NATO, SEATO, and the Truman Doctrine, undertaken responsibility for the security of just about the whole non-Communist world. This means that we have been bold and clear-headed enough to identify our interests with those of the international community and to place at the service of the international community that power without which it can never become a reality.

Dimly, circuitously, we do grope our way toward a morally realistic and a realistically moral policy. But since we have still no adequately articulated principles to guide our foreign policy, who can be sure that we will not once again backtrack, deny our power, and try selling out our friends in order to buy the friendship of those whose friendship is for sale? Who can be sure that, having applied pressure on Israel, we will now take the inevitable next step in procuring a Middle East settlement and apply comparable pressure on Nasser? Who can be sure that the administration will not once again leave the question of Gaza and the Gulf of Aqaba to the United Nations, which is to say to the Arab and Soviet blocs? It is a sign of the unreliability of our foreign policy that people should even be wondering these days whether or not the United States is going to sell Israel down the river. In the long run, we will not. In the long run the United States seems always to come back to a recognition of her true interests and her true friends. The only question is how many more short-run blunders our friends, if not we ourselves, can survive.

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SUEZ AND THE BRITISH CONSCIENCE

A Personal Report

MAX BELOFF

INTERNATIONAL events move so fast that one's perspective on them alters weekly, perhaps even daily. By the time these lines (written in the third week of February) are in print, things may have happened in the Middle East which will throw new light on all that was said and done in the late autumn of last year. But even so, it remains important to understand what moved people's minds in the critical days and weeks, because the repercussions of what was said and done may influence all our lives for years to come, and influence in particular the future course of Anglo-American relations.

Such an attempt at reconstruction is bound to be subjective, and anyone who undertakes it ought to furnish his credentials when writing for a public which does not know him. Let me make it clear, then, that the present writer is a teacher of history and politics by profession, a British subject by birth, a Jew though not identified with Zionism, and a member of the British Liberal party though not actively engaged in politics.

I do not propose to attempt here an answer to the kind of questions which the political journalist asks today, and which the historian may be able to answer in fifty or a hundred years' time—such questions as the extent to which the Anglo-French ultimatum was prepared; whether there was "collusion" with Israel; why the military operations took so long to get started, and what were the precise considerations which led the British and French governments to call off operations which from the local military point of view seemed just about to achieve total success with the complete occupation of the Canal Zone. On all these points, a real margin of doubt is still possible. To other questions—for instance, the precise intentions of the Soviet Union had operations continued—we may never know the full answer, unless the Soviet regime like the Nazi regime one day yields up its secrets in collapse.

The kind of problem that I am concerned with here involves rather different things, below the level of cabinets and general staffs. It is the problem of what might be called the fragmentation of opinion and its regrouping—in Britain primarily, but also in the United States. How did the two governments that were the principal upholders of the Atlantic alliance get into a position where one found it necessary to conceal its purposes from the other and act without consultation, while the other found itself cooperating in the United Nations with its sworn enemies against its erstwhile, yet presumably future, allies? How did a British Conservative government find itself opposed in a vital area of policy by a Republican government in the United States? And how was it that such support and understanding as the British case found were mainly on what might be called the "left" in American politics? Was it more than a case of the Democrats seizing upon a Republican blunder? On the other hand, how was it that the British Labor party, traditionally suspicious of American "capitalism," found itself backing the United States against the

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British government; how was it that the leader of a party which had shown much sympathy for Israel as a successful exponent of social democracy could brand Israel as an "aggressor" along with Britain and France, and be followed in this by all but a very few of his parliamentary supporters, while more extreme elements gave the Egyptian dictator well nigh their full support? And how was it that in Britain one might easily find oneself in the opposite camp from one's personal friends and professional and political associates?

In considering these questions we may come to a better understanding of some of the main dilemmas of British and American policy in our time; and it will certainly not be possible to rebuild the Atlantic alliance in any enduring way unless they are faced. We should not pretend to be in agreement where we are not.

IN CONSIDERING the British side of the matter, two preliminary points deserve to be made. The first of these would be obvious to anyone who lived through the critical weeks in Britain, but seems to be less clear to one's friends in the United States. This is the fact that the Suez-Sinai episode, insofar as it caused a "crisis of conscience" in Britain, was very much an affair of the intellectuals. The broad masses of popular opinion whose leanings are registered by the pollsters were hardly moved from their accustomed political allegiances. This does not mean that the failure of British policy and the hardships arising out of it may not have affected the government's strength in the electorate, or may not do so even more in the future if no "solution" is found. It does mean that, at the time, the indignation over the government's action voiced on prudential or moral grounds by some of its intellectual and even some of its parliamentary supporters was compensated for, and probably more than compensated for, electorally, by the general British dislike of Colonel Nasser and his activities, and the widespread feeling that it was time he and his like were taught a lesson.

It is understandable, therefore, that the first impulse of the Labor leaders—to treat the Suez intervention as an opportunity for a mass campaign to force the government out of office by providing proof that it had lost all support—turned out to be quite unproductive. The storms whipped up by the *Manchester Guardian* and the London *Observer,* and the more temperate but equally firm opposition of the *Economist,* reflected no doubt the opinions of much, though by no means all, of their own rather sophisticated readership; but the electoral depths remained relatively unstirred. In this sense the impact was much less than that of the Spanish Civil War or of the Munich crisis of two decades ago.

The other point that must be made is that even within the "intellectual" circles where the debate raged, Suez had no monopoly of British attention. Indeed, the whole thing cannot be understood without taking into account the simultaneous development of the situation in Hungary. In the first place, there was the general feeling of frustration caused by the realization that here were events of the greatest moment to us all, a genuine crisis in the heart of the Communist world, about which we could do nothing positive. Indeed, it can be said categorically that for the youngest generation of intellectuals, the students, who were not plagued with their seniors' memories of earlier moral dilemmas over foreign policy, Hungary was and remained the real issue, far transcending Suez. It was in the "senior" not the "junior" common rooms in the Oxford colleges that the Middle East claimed the center of attention. Perhaps this was because relief work and the collection of funds for Hungary could provide outlets for youthful idealism; perhaps it was because students themselves had taken so important a part in the Hungarian rising; perhaps it was only because the issue was better suited to youth, as being more clear-cut with no awkward balancing of right and wrong. At any rate, the difference in attitude is admitted on both sides.

For older people, the important thing was

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to show that the two issues were connected, so that concentration on the wrongdoing of their own government and the French, rather than on the Soviet barbarities, could be justified. This took the extreme form of saying that the Russians would not have dared to act as they had if not for Anglo-French "aggression" at Suez. That the two events were not directly connected in this way can actually be demonstrated by a quite simple exercise in chronology. The British and French ultimatum was delivered on October 30; on the very same day, large-scale reinforcements of Soviet troops, some of which must have left their bases several days earlier, began crossing into Hungary in preparation for the treacherous attack on the Nagy government on November 4. In other words, the Soviet government must have decided before the Anglo-French intervention that it could not afford to allow the course of events in Hungary to proceed in a democratic and neutralist direction. Nor is this surprising.

Soviet policy, it will be generally agreed, acts in accordance with its own conception of self-interest, irrespective of any external legal or moral considerations. The Soviet government clearly could not see how it was possible to tolerate a country's turning its back upon the proletarian revolution after a whole decade of Communist rule without that revolution's entire mystique being called into question. What decided the issue was Soviet internal politics and considerations about the future of the Soviet zone. It clearly suited the Soviet book to join in the hue and cry against Israel, Britain, and France. It may indeed be true that in so doing Russia helped to blunt in some quarters the edge of indignation against her own actions. But the double standard so often applied by members of the Afro-Asian bloc where Western and Communist actions are concerned makes it unlikely that even this was of the first importance.

It is also unlikely that the Soviet threats had much to do with the British decision to terminate operations in the Suez area. Knowing the Soviet Union's general tone in such matters, and given the crisis in Eastern Europe, an area far more vital to itself, one can hardly believe that it was going to risk a major war for the sake of Egypt when most of what it wanted in the Middle East could be acquired with so much less risk. This is a historical parenthesis; the main thing to be emphasized is the depth of feeling which made it possible for the British government's opponents to use the sufferings of Hungary as a stick to beat that government with. No one has yet suggested how, short of the West's using force, Hungary could have been saved, or pointed to any evidence in Europe or America that, if not for Suez, force would have indeed been used.

It would be wrong, however, because they were clearly guilty of self-deception on the Hungarian issue, to belittle either the strength or the sincerity of the intellectuals' opposition to the Anglo-French action. Condemnation of Israel was a little less strong from the beginning; some of those who condemned the Anglo-French action admitted that continued acts of hostility against Israel and threats of more trouble were extenuating circumstances—some even expressed the view that the whole thing was a clumsy and unnecessary interference, and that so far from there having been "collusion" with Israel, Britain and France would have done better by letting her get on with the job. Here of course we approach the school of criticism which concentrated on the incompetence shown in the action taken, rather than on its alleged "immorality."

The main lines upon which the British government was attacked at home were nearly all developed within a very few days of the ultimatum itself and well before the actual landings. To take Oxford as an index to the general course of intellectual opinion: by midday on November 3, four days after the ultimatum, 325 "dons" had signed a resolution deploring the government's action on the grounds that it was morally wrong, endangered the solidarity of the Commonwealth, put a grave strain upon the Atlantic

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alliance, and was a flagrant violation of the principles of the UN charter. Later the number of signatories rose to 350. The counter-offensive took longer to mount and the signatories to a rival resolution were often more prepared to question the right of the government's opponents to be so categorical, and the propriety of criticizing policy once British troops were actually engaged, than to affirm the wisdom as such of the government's decision. A resolution drafted to allow for this line of thought obtained 136 signatures. Significantly, the total of signatures obtained on both sides was well under half of those qualified to sign. Most Oxford dons refrained from committing themselves on a contentious political issue, and it may be presumed that the abstentionists did not include any large number of persons who felt morally outraged by what had been done.

The reactions described will be familiar to Americans. What may be less fully appreciated is the relative order of importance given to them in Britain. The most obvious difference is the fact that the existence of the United Nations was not only the last of the reasons given for disapproving the government's action, but was, for most people, probably the least convincing; and insofar as it was an important argument it took the form of saying that the principles of the Charter had been violated, rather than of claiming that the existence of the United Nations as an organization had made such single-handed action unnecessary. The latter argument, though advanced by certain Socialist leaders in the course of political debate, rarely aroused any important echo in the country.

The reason for this is clear. The United Nations never has attracted the same measure of popular support in Britain that the League of Nations enjoyed in its heyday. It has never been the focus of public attention; its personalities have never captured the headlines as did Briand, Stresemann, or Chamberlain in the great days of the League. New York is still farther away from London than Geneva. Even more important has been the fact that almost from the beginning, the United Nations has been thought of in a hard-headed way as the scene of political bargaining among the powers carried on in their own national interest. Even the Korean war is thought of, not as a United Nations blow for collective security, but as a part of the resistance to Communism of the United States and its allies. It may be added in parenthesis that the conduct of the United Nations between cease-fire in Egypt and the time of writing has still further lowered its prestige, so that insofar as the American government is committed to "working through" the United Nations, the gap between America and Britain is wider than ever.

On the other hand, many of the government's more sophisticated opponents acted on the assumption that Britain's only hope for the future lay in remaining a junior partner in a permanent Anglo-American alliance. There is probably no element in Britain as "America-conscious" as the university dons. The idea that Britain should lose American friendship over an action of this kind was quite unbearable for them and they reacted accordingly.

Much surprise and indeed consternation was caused in the ranks of the British government's opponents over Suez when the name of Gilbert Murray appeared on the list of those signing the counter-resolution at Oxford. Dr. Murray has always been regarded in Britain as a symbol of devotion to the idea of collective security, first through the League of Nations and latterly through the UN. For this highly respected veteran to "change sides" was something of a sensation. Yet Dr. Murray did not in his own view act inconsistently with his beliefs and principles. He took the view that once the Security Council had failed to act because of divergences between the great powers, it was impossible for the Western nations to accept the word of the General Assembly as law; the latter would be swayed by the votes of countries of a lower degree of political development, incapable of exer-

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cising leadership, and prone to be moved only by the narrowest and most short-sighted of considerations. In other words, the Wilsonian conception to which he regarded himself as faithful was predicated, he believed, upon a hierarchy of nations in which the most advanced would, through international organizations, take the lead in preserving peace and promoting international justice. The rule of the General Assembly in circumstances of great power competition puts too much authority in the hands of those least qualified to use it responsibly. That the slave-holders of Saudi Arabia should sit in judgment upon Britain or France or Israel was quite unacceptable.

It is worth while recalling Dr. Murray's arguments because they represent almost the precise opposite of what I believe to have been the main emotional force behind the opposition to the government: the extraordinary strength of the "anti-imperialism" or "anti-colonialism" which has come to possess "enlightened" intellectual circles. Only their "anti-colonial" feelings could have drowned the sympathies normally felt for Israel among British intellectuals, particularly those on the left. When the government's opponents declared that what Britain and France were doing was an outrage to morality, they did not mean simply to condemn the use of force for the furtherance of national interests: they meant to condemn it quite especially because Egypt was a non-white, non-European, "under-developed" country. In the same way, when they asserted, quite correctly, that the policy was putting a great strain on Commonwealth relations, they were thinking not of Australia and New Zealand, who supported Britain, or even of Canada, which was politically all-important, but of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon.

In other words, while an earlier generation, even of liberal-minded men like Dr. Murray, were on the whole proud of what Europeans had done to bring civilization to other parts of the globe, younger men are conscience-stricken about the evils which accompanied the process, skeptical about its alleged motives, and proud, if at all, only of the fact that Britain has more rapidly than other colonial powers accepted the necessity of a severance of all imperial ties. No argument was heard more often than the one that the Suez action had interrupted the smooth process of substituting relations of equality for those of "white" domination in the whole Asian and African world.

In the extreme case of the London *Observer*, which is typical of a certain British intellectual point of view, one got the impression that the black (brown or yellow) man was always right and the white man always wrong. This was not the same thing as American "anti-colonialism," which, being a sentiment hitherto directed against other great powers, need not conflict with the national interest and does not involve any kind of self-abasement or atonement for past sins. This British attitude is more emotional than that and more violent in its expression, and differentiates "intellectuals" from non-intellectuals in Britain.

A refusal to go along with a majority of one's closest colleagues and friends or to follow the lead given by one's own political party always involves a certain examination of one's own thinking and impulses. In my case I was made to do this in a rather conscious fashion when the research students of my college asked me to talk to them about my own views. I did so on November 9—three days after the cease-fire. If I now present the arguments I used at that time in a necessarily abbreviated form, they may serve to show what the "other side" then thought.

MY FIRST point was that my political reactions had always been colored by the thought that, like so many of my own undergraduate contemporaries of the early 1930's, I had supported the celebrated resolution that we would not "fight for King and country." The belief that the dictators were subsequently encouraged in their careers of violence and evil by such manifestations of pacifism has given people like me a sense of guilt; and although we may

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respect the genuine pacifist who is willing to carry the teachings of non-violence to their ultimate conclusions, we can never be satisfied with a muddled half-way position. Americans, who do not think of themselves as having been involved in the "appeasement" policies of the 1930's, tended to misunderstand the nature of the Hitler-Nasser parallel that is so vivid in British minds.

Politics can never be wholly brought within the field of morality, since it inevitably involves a choice between evils. A government responsible to its people must take what action it believes will best serve them; it cannot be governed by the same considerations that its members might rightly apply to their own private affairs. Again, while in private concerns we seek the judge who is most impartial and most removed from any direct connection with the cause he is trying, in politics we do no such thing. And this has obvious consequences for one's view on the rights and duties of international organizations.

The Middle East itself is not an area where peace can be preserved or justice done without action. Too many forces—nascent nationalism, Communism, and the sheer pace of social change—jostle each other within a political system largely accidental in its contours and wholly inadequate to direct the forces at work to constructive ends. Quite apart from the general problems which the Middle East shares with other underdeveloped countries, it has at least one special problem, the existence in Israel of a country which its neighbors are sworn to annihilate. Unless one is willing to believe that the West, which created Israel, is willing to see it destroyed, this puts a distinct limit upon the extent to which here at least a settlement by agreement is possible. Not only had the United Nations failed to produce a settlement of the major question, but it had hopelessly failed to handle the subsidiary issues arising out of the Arab-Israel conflict: the resettlement of the refugees, the prevention of border raiding, and the securing of the free navigation at sea and in the Suez Canal that it had admitted to be Israel's right.

Hitherto the West had been content to do little more than keep things as they were in the Middle East while trying to avert the "second round." The rise of Colonel Nasser put an end to the possibility of relying on this passivity. However beneficent his own original intentions toward his people, he had, like other dictators before him, been driven along the path of external aggressiveness to conceal failures at home. The elimination of Israel was to be only part of a general campaign to evict the West from the Middle East as a whole, and in so doing he was receiving aid from the Soviet bloc. He might genuinely desire not to be a Soviet satellite, but the path he was taking left him no alternative.

For me, the case against the British government lay in the breach caused in Anglo-American relations. But unlike the government's critics, I was aware of the fact that, much as we in Europe might like to see the growth in America's awareness of the interdependence of the world matched by a greater willingness to undertake specific responsibilities, there were great obstacles to this happening in an area like the Middle East. "Anti-colonialism" stood in the way.

The United States was bound to be affected by powerful currents in its own public opinion—which is hostile to commitments—as well as by the quite unreal notion that the existing Arab regimes could be turned through friendliness and dollars into reliable supporters of American policies. The United States had contributed to getting Britain to lay down the burden of the Palestine mandate by its pressure in favor of the Jewish side in the conflict with the Arabs, but it had not been willing to contribute directly to the security of the Jewish state. It had assisted the liquidation of the British position at Suez in 1954, but its conduct during the long negotiations that followed Nasser's "nationalization" of the Canal had shown that it would not itself use anything more than persuasion to secure a settlement upon

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which the Canal users could rely. If we had taken action despite America, it was because America had not been willing to act in pursuit of the general objectives which we shared with her.

I may perhaps now repeat the actual words with which I concluded my talk to our students on November 9.

It seems to me that what the government's critics have got to do is not to argue about this or that clause of the United Nations Charter, this or that understanding about the procedures in Anglo-American or in Commonwealth consultation; not to argue about sentiment, either for nationalism or for self-determination, but to answer certain concrete questions. Was the life of the State of Israel something which its citizens had the right to protect and which the rest of the world had the right to see protected? Assuming a government like Colonel Nasser's, which has achieved immense successes—our original withdrawal from the bases, the agreement over the Sudan—and which still continued to arm itself heavily and increasingly from Soviet sources; which proclaimed itself as about to launch in the very near future a major war in the Middle East preparatory to destroying Western interests and building up this hostile coalition; was it reasonable to say that a British government which decided that in spite of everything, in spite of the fact that it knew it would get this kind of reaction, was prepared to act as it has rather than to wait, was it reasonable to say that even in all these circumstances the British government's action was not only wrong on this or that point, but morally outrageous?

I did not by any means convince my audience; I was arguing against a powerful current of opinion and sentiment. But nothing has happened since then to change my mind, whereas my reading of both British and American discussions of the whole problem does seem to reveal a growing understanding of my basic contention that in politics inaction may be as immoral as action, and that not all political questions can be solved through expressions of high-principled good will.

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THE LUBOVITCHER MOVEMENT: II

"The Root and the Branches"

HERBERT WEINER

IT WAS after midnight when a young student ran into the outer office of the Lubovitcher Hasidic movement at 770 Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn to announce that the "case" from California, a man who had flown in to consult with the Lubovitcher Rebbe about a business problem, had just left. That meant it was my turn to see the Rebbe and, clutching my notebook, I hurried past several people waiting in the hallway whose appointments with the Rebbe came after mine. Remembering that there are thousands who depend on the Rebbe for every major and most minor decisions in their lives, and that the world-wide spiritual network known as the Lubovitcher movement, its schools and charities and publications, all wait on the personal attention of this one man, I felt a bit guilty at taking up his time for the sake of an article in a magazine. I resolved not to stay long as I knocked at the door of his private office and entered.

Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson,* the seventh Lubovitcher Rebbe, the son-in-law of the sixth Rebbe, and a direct descendant (on his father's side) of Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Ladi, the founder of the Lubovitcher dynasty, was folding some papers at a desk in the far corner of a large, rather bare room. His fedora hat, neatly tailored frock coat, and carefully arranged tie, all black, set off the pallor of his face. The brim of his hat was bent, casting a shadow over his deep blue eyes, which looked up with a direct but good-humored expression. I extended my hand, forgetting for the moment that Hasidim do not offer their hands to the Rebbe, who is to them a "holy vessel" and not to be touched casually. But Rabbi Menachem Mendel didn't seem to mind the impropriety; he shook my hand and motioned gently toward the chair by his desk, suggesting in a soft voice that I address him in English, although he would reply in Yiddish.

Before I could begin my questions, he asked me what kind of work I was engaged in and what I had studied. My notebook with its proposed questions remained closed and I found myself chatting freely about matters I had not expected to discuss. The Rebbe listened, nodding his head from time to time to indicate understanding, and gradually the sense of urgent haste I had felt in the hallway began to ebb away. We spoke about religious leaders in Israel, particularly the former Chief Rabbi, Abraham Isaac Kuk, at the mention of whose name the Rebbe nodded slightly without saying a word. I sensed that his silence was a way of expressing disapproval without transgressing the commandment "Thou shalt not speak evil," and asked if he did not share my admiration for Rabbi Kuk.

The Rebbe shook his head gently. "He

LAST month, in the first half of his two-part article, HERBERT WEINER described the headquarters in Brooklyn of the Lubovitcher Hasidic movement, reporting on his conversations with several prominent members of the sect and describing an all-night festive gathering of the Hasidim at which the Rebbe "gave Torah." Here Rabbi Weiner pursues rather more intensively his investigation of the movement's "inner mystic meaning." Rabbi Weiner is himself leader of the Reform congregation of Temple Israel in South Orange, New Jersey. He was educated at the University of Massachusetts, the Jewish Institute of Religion, and the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

*My attention has been called to errors in the spelling of some proper names in the first part of the article. Names deriving from the name *Shneur* in Hebrew assume variant forms in English transliteration, as Schneersohn, or Schneerson—the latter spelling is preferred by the present Rebbe. Lubovitch is frequently spelled Lubawitz, or Lubavitch—I have used the spelling which I believe comes closest to the actual pronunciation. But no such excuse can be offered for my having referred to Rabbi J. Weinberg, my "globe-trotter" friend, as Weingarten.

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tried to mix too much together. Philosophy, law, mysticism—there were too many paradoxes in his teachings. A leader should not confuse the mind too much."

The Rebbe's quiet definition of the functions of a leader reminded me of how disappointed I had been some weeks before at the *farbrengung*—that all-night gathering of the Lubovitcher Hasidim to celebrate the anniversary of the previous Rebbe's release from a Soviet prison—when I listened to his various discourses. His "Torah" had indeed not confused the mind—it had seemed, if anything, too simple.

SUDDENLY a buzzer sounded, a signal from Rabbi Hodakov, the Rebbe's secretary, that almost a full hour had passed since my interview began. Hastily I turned to my prepared questions and asked how Lubovitcher Hasidism, a mystical movement, had become so skillful in worldly matters like public relations and methods of business efficiency. The Rebbe folded his hands on his desk and in a measured voice outlined his answer, which was punctuated by an occasional mild cough.

Lubovitch's interest in public relations was simply a practical extension of its special interpretation of the oneness of God. God was in everything, and therefore evil had no real existence. But it must *appear* to have real existence, so that man might have freedom of choice. It might seem to us an evil thing for one man to cut another with a knife, yet there were occasions, as for example a medical operation, when a good and not an evil purpose was served by the cutting of a man. So also, what appeared evil in *our* sight was, in the light of a higher wisdom, really good. To believe otherwise, to believe that evil has a positive existence, was to be driven in the end to the conviction that there are two divine powers rather than one. The oneness of God implied that everything was ultimately justified; in this way, the Rebbe concluded, "We try to understand Hitler and similar matters."

From Hitler and similar matters the Rebbe returned to the original point about the Lubovitcher talent for public relations. His father-in-law and predecessor, Rabbi Joseph Isaac (the first Lubovitcher Rebbe to settle in America), seeing how effective public relations could be in this country, had decided that since nothing was inherently evil, there was no reason why he should not use this tool for good purposes. "To divide things into separate compartments and sections and to say that this belongs to God, and this doesn't, is the worst idolatry," Rabbi Menachem Mendel declared.

Again the buzzer sounded, but the Rebbe indicated that I needn't hurry. I turned to my central question: how could the Rebbe assume responsibility for giving advice to his Hasidim not only on religious matters, but on medical problems or business affairs, especially when he knew that his advice was binding.

Menachem Mendel did not seem offended by what I had feared would be an indiscreet question. "To begin with, it is always pleasant to run away from responsibility. But what if one's running might destroy the congregation, and suppose"—the good-humored smile in the Rebbe's eyes grew stronger—"they put the key into your pocket and walk away? What can you do then—permit the books to be stolen?"

I was surprised to hear him hint at the well-known fact that it had taken the Hasidim more than a year to persuade Rabbi Menachem Mendel—who had studied science at the Sorbonne—to become the seventh Rebbe of the Lubovitcher movement. But this wasn't the answer to my question, which I tried to press by leafing through a copy of the *Tanya* (a collection of the writings of the first Lubovitcher Rebbe, Shneur Zalman) to find a letter in which the "old Rebbe," as Shneur Zalman is called, tells his Hasidim that they must not ask him for help in non-spiritual matters. The Rebbe interrupted my search to say that I was probably looking for letter 22. "That letter," he pointed out quietly, "was printed after Shneur Zalman's death, and besides," he smiled, "despite the letter, he did give advice in material matters."

Sensing after a moment that his explanation did not satisfy me, the Rebbe cleared his throat and continued. "When a man comes with a problem, there are only two alternatives—either send him away, or try to help him. A man knows his own problem best, so one must try to unite oneself with him and become *'batel'*—as dissociated as possible from one's own ego. Then, in concert with the other person, one tries to un-

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derstand the rule of Divine Providence in this particular case. And, of course, if the man who comes to you shares your ideas and faith, there is immediate empathy" (he used the English word).

But didn't the power of the Lubovitcher movement stem directly from this faith of the Hasid in his Rebbe? Rabbi Menachem Mendel demurred gently, "I'm not so sure."

The buzzer rang again, and I looked at the Rebbe to see if my interview was over. Instead of sending me away, however, he began talking about Conservative and Reform Judaism. His voice remained soft, but the opinions were firm. "The great fault of Conservative and Reform Judaism is not that they compromise, but that they sanctify the compromise, still the conscience, and leave no possibility for return." The Rebbe went on to explain that though the Lubovitcher movement encouraged every Jew to observe as many of the commandments as he could, even if only a few, it insisted that the Jewish religion as such should be identified exclusively with the Orthodox tradition; otherwise, a repentant Jew who wanted to "return" would not know what there was to return to.

When the buzzer rang once again, I rose to leave, but Rabbi Menachem Mendel stopped me: "Wait—now I would like to ask you a question," he said, and I sat down again. "How is it that you are not Orthodox?" Surprised, I offered something about not being able to believe that the whole of the Torah was given by God.

"Yet you believe in the oneness of God," the Rebbe pressed. "And if you follow out the implication of that belief logically, then you must come to the *mitzvot*, the commandments, as surely as theorems follow from axioms." Again the Rebbe used English words. I remained silent, and after a moment he leaned back in his chair and spoke as if answering himself, "But I guess in America people don't feel the need for a full logical *shitah*—system of belief—as they do in Europe."

For the fifth time the buzzer rang and, disturbed at the thought of all those people waiting outside, I made a determined effort to leave. But as I stood up the Rebbe stopped me again. "You haven't asked, but probably you'd like to know, what Hasidim think about miracles?" I remained standing while Rabbi Menachem Mendel asserted that even science recognized all "laws" as mere probabilities, and that there was no way to foretell every event in nature with certainty. He cited the throwing of dice as an example—a strange *mashal* (illustration) I thought to myself, for a Hasid to use.

After he had finished expounding the Hasidic view of miracles, I asked him if it would be possible to see him again when I had become more familiar with the Lubovitcher movement. "Gladly," he smiled, "but not until after the High Holy Days." The High Holy Days were only a month away.

I walked toward the door, trying, in accordance with good Hasidic procedure, not to turn my back too obviously on the Rebbe. Outside I passed a bearded young Hasid who had been waiting for more than two hours and seemed irritated. I apologized for having stayed so long, adding that the Rebbe had struck me as a wonderful man, and the young Hasid's face immediately softened. As I was leaving the building, another young man, who had given me a photograph of the Rebbe when I came in, approached. "*Nu, a gut vort?*—A good word?" he asked. Hasidim believe that a bit of the Rebbe's aura may cling to a person who has just left his presence. I tried to oblige by commenting on how remarkable was the Rebbe's ability to concentrate so fully on each of the many people who came to see him. "He will make a Hasid out of you yet," the young man said with a proud grin, shaking my hand.

PERHAPS, I thought to myself, but actually my first meeting with the Rebbe had brought me no closer to understanding what it was that made a Lubovitcher Hasid. I knew now that Rabbi Menachem Mendel was a warm and sincere leader—a man who, though in absolute control of a large and influential organization, lived modestly with his wife in a $75-a-month apartment, and devoted every minute of his waking hours to the advancement of Torah and the needs of other human beings. That such a man could arouse love and admiration in his followers was not at all surprising. But this alone could not be the explanation of the amazing vitality of the movement.

I knew that I had not yet begun to understand the inner dynamic of Lubovitch, and the next day I asked Rabbi Hodakov for

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permission to spend some time at the Yeshiva speaking and even studying a bit with the "boys." To my surprise he hesitated. "You know," he said, with a rather bashful smile, "even in medicine everything depends on the quantity—a little may do good, and a lot, harm. . . ."

However he finally agreed to my request, and the following morning I spoke to Rabbi Mentlik, who supervises, under the guidance of the Rebbe, the High Yeshiva at 770 Eastern Parkway. I recognized him by his red beard and silver-rimmed spectacles as the "cup-bearer" who had stood all night by the Rebbe's side during the *farbrengung* without participating in the singing and without even so much as moving—he had achieved utter *hitbatlut*, self-extinction—in the Rebbe's presence. When I informed him that Rabbi Hodakov had given me permission to study, he spoke to a few boys who, in singsong voice, were discussing a passage in the Talmud, and they made room for me on the bench.

I found myself sitting next to an eighteen-year-old lad with long fuzzy earlocks. He mentioned to me that he was born in Russia and raised there in the educational "underground" once maintained by the Lubovitcher movement under the Soviet regime. Though we began studying a problem in Talmud together, it was soon clear that our minds were elsewhere. I was interested in asking him about his experiences in Russia, and his curiosity was aroused by the phenomenon of a Reform Jew wandering about the halls of Lubovitch. Whenever we came to a break in the Talmudic discussion, we would immediately exchange questions. He told me how his father had been sent to Siberia after being denounced to the secret police for his religious activities, and how the rest of the family had finally escaped to Southern Russia. Then he wanted to know how a rabbi could accept one part of the Bible as holy but reject the commandments ordained in some other section; did not the Bible declare itself to be entirely inspired? He could understand, he admitted earnestly, that a rabbi might want to hold a pulpit in a Reform synagogue—to make a better living or for social convenience—but the logic of the Reform position was beyond him.

I had resolved not to enter into any religious disputations at the Yeshiva, but it was hard to put the young Hasid off. The next night he brought up the subject again. When he saw that I was determined not to enter into a serious discussion, he sighed, lifting up his hands in a weary gesture of resignation, "What can be the *tachlis*, after all—the purpose of anything—if not to fulfill the word of God? In forty or sixty years, everything passes away. What meaning can it all have if not to obey God's commandments?" I was struck by this youngster's easy dismissal of forty or sixty years of life. A few days later he caught me in the hallway and again questioned the logic of the liberal religious position. A bit irritated, I asked if the fact that so many intelligent people were unable to see the logic of Orthodoxy did not make him wonder about the absolute certainty of his own convictions. My young friend was delighted that I had risen to the debate and his reply came swiftly. "Ah-hah—but Abraham too was alone—yet he had the truth. And we know now from the atom bomb how much power there is in the 'little.'"

DURING the following weeks at the Yeshiva, I met several other young men born under the Communist regime in Russia. One of them, a good-looking, black-bearded fellow in his late twenties, had been in this country only a few years, but spoke excellent English and had some perceptive things to say about American Jewish community life. He worked for the Lubovitcher movement, distributing literature both to libraries and individuals, and I found him capable of presenting a clear outline of the main tenets of Lubovitcher Hasidism.

The essential principle of Hasidism in general, he explained, was a belief that Divine Providence was concerned not only with man, but with everything in nature. Lubovitcher Hasidism differed from other Hasidic schools by virtue of its emphasis on the mind rather than on the heart alone: understanding was a *mitzvah* no less than faith, and to rest content with faith where understanding was required constituted a sin. The mind could and should rule the heart. The founder of Hasidism, the Baal Shem, had shown the world that there was a "hidden" mystery lying behind the "revealed" surface of life and creation. Shneur Zalman, the founder of the Lubovitcher movement, had

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come to "reveal" something of the "hidden," to transmute the mystery into rational formulations which could be grasped by the mind. For this reason, Lubovitcher Hasidism was also called *Habad* Hasidism—*Habad* being an abbreviation of the Hebrew words for wisdom (*Hochmah*), understanding (*Binah*), and knowledge (*Da-at*). Of course, along with this "effort of the mind," an "effort of the heart"—prayer—was needed.

This reminded my Russian-born friend that he had personally seen a prayerbook used by the Baal Shem. He had no doubt that it was the great teacher's book because there were blood-stains on the pages, and it was well known that the Baal Shem had wept tears of blood when he read of the sufferings of his people. Again I had the feeling which often came to me while speaking to the students at the Yeshiva: a sense of walking along together and coming suddenly to a door of the mind through which only a Hasid could pass, while others were left outside, bewildered.

Once I confessed this sense of frustration to a gray-bearded elder who was walking around the study hall while the boys were busy at their lessons. He was known as a *Mashpiah*—an "influencer." A *Mashpiah* is a specialist in the ideology of *Habad* Hasidism and his main task is to convey the *lechut* —the "inner marrow" or mood—of mystic doctrines to the students. *Mashpiim* also handle the overflow of Hasidim who come to the Rebbe with problems or confessions that he cannot find the time to deal with.

The *Mashpiah* to whom I spoke brought his red-rimmed eyes close to my face and asked whether I put on phylacteries every morning. "Once," he said, "I had shoes that were too tight, and I got a pain in my head." He tugged at my sleeve to emphasize his point. "The shoes can affect the head, do you understand? If you want to understand Hasidism, you must observe the commandments. What you do will help you understand."

This was good *Habad* doctrine, for Lubovitch strongly believes that one's physical life has a direct effect on the mind. Our food and speech and deeds have the power to open or close the "vessels of the spirit." In the *Tanya,* Shneur Zalman frequently associates qualities of the soul with specific parts of the body ("The evil spirit is in the left ventricle of the heart, and the love of God flames in the right ventricle").

THE notion that the capacity of the mind to understand the mysteries of religion is dependent on actual physical performance of the commandments explains the bargain which another man, whom I had heard described as a *typishe* Lubovitcher Hasid, tried to make with me when I asked him to help me study the *Tanya.* He demanded payment, which was to consist of my agreement to observe one more of the 613 commandments.

I don't think we ever formalized our covenant, but for several months I enjoyed visiting this Hasid, who served as a rabbi in a community not far from New York. Like most Hasidim, he would have preferred to live closer to the Rebbe, but the Rebbe had insisted that he go out into the world and "create an environment." The process of creation was difficult—the members of his congregation wanted him to shorten the prayers and include more English in the services, so that the young people would be attracted. He, on the other hand, felt that young people would remain in the synagogue only if *real* Orthodoxy were shown to them—a joyful Judaism with a living soul and not just the "dry bones." This difference of opinion made for problems. But, my *typishe* Hasid would always remind himself with a smile, "One must have *bitachon*—faith." Besides, the Rebbe and the *chevra*—the "boys"—were only an hour's trip away, and when "I get into New York, all the problems immediately roll off my shoulders."

And there were other Hasidic devices for overcoming one's troubles. One could lift the soul by humming a Hasidic melody, or one could comfort oneself by pressing Hasidic doctrine into practical use. "All I have to do," the Hasid laughed, "is to look at the president of my synagogue sitting on the other side of the pulpit and say to myself, 'No—he's not really there—not really—only one Reality is really there, and of that Reality I needn't be afraid.'"

My friend was alluding to the central idea of Hasidism, that "There is no place empty of Him"; since God is everywhere, we need only penetrate the veil of appearances to behold the underlying Reality. In

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Habad Hasidism this doctrine is intricately elaborated. God's "light" assumes "garments" so that it may be perceived by fleshly eyes. In this form it is called "the light that clothes itself," to distinguish it from "the light that surrounds," which is the infinite light pervading all creation that never assumes visible form. In the *Tanya* the manner of God's emanation, as well as the relation between the world of appearance and the underlying Reality, are discussed at length. But a serious philosophical problem remains—if God is in everything, He must also be in evil.

It is this pantheistic element in Hasidism that was vigorously attacked by its formidable "opponent," the great Gaon of Vilna. The Talmudic dictum, "There is no place empty of him," insisted the Gaon, meant only that His providence extends over all creation; it did *not* mean that God is coextensive with creation. "It is sinful to say that we know anything about God's essence," the Gaon argued, "and particularly sinful to suggest that polluted and evil things can be synonymous with God."

During the pauses in our conversation, my Lubovitcher friend had a habit of humming, and the warm good humor of his voice helped soften the harshness of even his most rigid Orthodox opinions. With a smile he confessed his suspicion that Jewish children whose mothers did not observe the laws of ritual purity were physically as well as spiritually maimed. With the same smile, he defended his belief in the power of the Rebbe, offering to take a blessing "from anybody whose mouth has never said a lie and whose limbs have never committed a sin." The Rebbe was such a man and therefore able to bestow blessings.

Often childless families came to the Rebbe to ask his blessing—yet *he* was childless: did this not affect the faith of Hasidim? My friend looked pained and I apologized for my question. But no, I had misunderstood his reaction, my friend explained. It was not that Hasidim doubted the power of the Rebbe—but they were the "branches and he the root" and they simply shared in his pain.

My Lubovitcher friend was himself blessed with five children and a lovely wife. His little boys, with their luxurious earlocks and *yarmelkes*, played very comfortably with the Irish, Polish, and Negro children in the neighborhood. But it was the influence of the non-religious Jewish community that the father feared. "Sometimes when I come to the words in the Sabbath evening prayer, 'Let me not bear in vain,' I shudder," he once confessed.

TO MAKE sure that Jews do not "bear in vain," the major effort of the Lubovitcher Hasidim is the construction and expansion of their school system. The Rebbe directs this activity, as he does every activity of the movement, but it is Rabbi Gourary, the Rebbe's brother-in-law, who is immediately concerned with the educational program and particularly with its financial aspects. His office is located in the Lubovitcher Yeshiva on Bedford Avenue in Brooklyn, and I arrived there one day during the noon-hour recess to find the streets around the large brick building filled with little Hasidim playing ball and chasing one another up and down. Some were dueling with ash-can covers as shields and sticks of wood as swords. All of them of course wore hats or head-coverings of some kind and the older boys had long earlocks, but apart from this they were indistinguishable from any group of children who had been released for lunch-hour games. I stopped one of the ash-can warriors long enough to learn that Rabbi Gourary could be found on the third floor of the building.

The Rebbe's brother-in-law, a small Panatella cigar in his mouth, was seated behind a desk opening some letters when I entered his office. On the desk there was a tray containing the remnants of a sandwich and a half-finished glass of tea. Rabbi Gourary was about fifty, a pleasant-looking man with perceptive blue eyes; his hair and beard, though gray, had obviously once been blond. He extended a limp hand in greeting and continued to open his letters, occasionally finding a check which he would place on a separate pile.

I asked him about his role in the Lubovitcher movement. "I am in charge of all the Yeshivas in Lubovitch all over the world," he replied. "Some ten thousand pupils study in Lubovitcher Yeshivas in America, Europe, Israel, and North Africa." His responsibilities involved not only the financial administration of the schools—a big job in itself—but also the curriculum and other academic details.

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On the wall I noticed a picture of Rabbi Joseph Isaac, the present Rabbi's predecessor and father-in-law who was also Rabbi Gourary's father-in-law. I asked Gourary by what method a new Rebbe was chosen in the Lubovitcher movement when the deceased Rebbe had no sons—as was the case with Rabbi Joseph Isaac. He and Menachem Mendel, being Joseph Isaac's two sons-in-law, had been the obvious candidates for the office, and I had often wondered on what basis Menachem Mendel had been chosen. Gourary looked at me sharply for a moment. "If the Rebbe leaves a will," he answered briefly, "his instructions are followed. Otherwise, the 'Elders' of the movement decide."

What about the stories that people told about the powers of the Rebbe? He waved his cigar impatiently. "I'm not responsible for all the stories people tell." As for the Rebbe's advising on medical problems, "The Rebbe can send them to a good doctor. Of course," he added quickly, "Hasidim believe in the Rebbe's blessing. A Hasid believes in higher destiny—what you call luck. But what is luck, after all, but higher destiny? Hasidim believe in the power of the Rebbe to influence that destiny."

I asked Rabbi Gourary what made Lubovitch so much more successful than other Hasidic groups. His reply was quick: Lubovitch had taken the inner spirit of Hasidism and expressed it in forms you could "get your hands on."

Asking me whether I'd like to see the school, Rabbi Gourary pressed a buzzer. A moment later, a young man with the inevitable beard appeared and was instructed to take me on a tour of the school. "*Gei gesunterheit*—Go in health," Rabbi Gourary said, offering his hand as I arose.

MY GUIDE led me down a flight of stairs and we visited several classrooms where the boys sat in pairs behind rickety desks. Here and there a pair swayed back and forth in unison as the two children chanted their lessons in Hebrew and Yiddish. My guide explained that the younger pupils studied Jewish subjects from nine in the morning until one-thirty in the afternoon, after which they followed the public school curriculum required of all parochial and private schools by the New York Board of Education. The upper grades went on with religious studies until two-thirty in the afternoon, and only then did their secular lessons, while the oldest boys—old enough to be free of control by the Board of Education—studied Talmud and Hasidic teachings until as late as seven o'clock in the evening.

In one of the classes we visited, a tall young teacher, wearing a felt hat that rested far back on his head, asked if we would like to hear the children recite. Several dozen hands shot up waving wildly in the air. His eyes gleaming proudly behind his spectacles, the teacher glanced around the room for a minute, and then called out, "Moishele." A chubby boy of about eight whose heavy winter cap had come undone, leaving an ear-flap hanging down, immediately drew back his hand, embarrassed at having been chosen. He walked hesitatingly to the front of the room and stood tongue-tied while the children, sensing that he would not deliver, began to wave their hands again. The teacher ignored this renewed supplication, and encouraged Moishele by quoting the first few words of the portion they had been studying in the Bible. Moishele took courage and recited the rest of the passage.

It was the section that dealt with Jacob's meeting with Esau upon returning from his sojourn with his father-in-law: "And with Laban did I live." Moishele chanted Jacob's words in Hebrew, translated them into Yiddish, and then added in a singsong voice the 11th-century commentary of Rashi, "And the 613 commandments did I keep." The teacher pointed out the letters of the Hebrew word *garti* ("did I live") could be rearranged to spell *taryag*, which means 613. This was why Rashi had suggested that when Jacob said, "And with Laban did I live," he was also indicating that though he had resided outside his own "environment," he had maintained the 613 commandments of the Law. Whatever scholarly critics may say about this manner of interpreting the Bible, its pedagogic effect is clear. To Moishele and the boys at the Lubovitcher Yeshiva, Jacob was no stranger. He covered his head, wore earlocks, and like any Lubovitcher Hasid, was concerned with the never ending challenge of a foreign "environment."

Later that afternoon I returned to 770 Eastern Parkway just in time to see the

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older boys coming back from their assignments as teachers in "release-time hour"—that period which is set aside once a week in New York State public schools for religious instruction according to denomination. Many Jewish organizations object to the "release-time hour" system. But Lubovitch would not dream of neglecting the opportunity to send its boys out to stimulate the school-children's *pintele Yid*—that "point" of authentic religious faith, that element of pure Jewishness, that *Habad* Hasidim believe exists, however deeply buried, in every Jew. Now, home from their pedagogic labors, the young students were beginning to study *Hasidut*—the term they use to describe the mystic "inner" studies. They gathered in pairs or small groups around their texts, but the transition from the "outer" to the inner world took a while. "Come on, Herb," I heard one boy calling out good-humoredly to a companion whose mind was clearly wandering, "you'll lose your portion in the world-to-come."

Dusk was approaching, and some older men began to drift into the study hall to wait for the day's-end prayers. One of them stood by the pulpit and bound his waist with a *gartel*—that cord which a Hasid wears to remind him of the distinction between the "higher" and "lower" parts of man. A few minutes later everyone present moved to one side of the hall; almost immediately the Rebbe with quick steps entered through a door at the empty side of the room and walked to a large chair facing the congregation. He took his seat without looking around, at which point the man with the *gartel* began reciting the prayers.

Lubovitch has always emphasized the importance of clinging as accurately as possible to the musical tradition which has come down with each prayer, and the leader of the service chanted the familiar melodies in a sweet, low voice. When the *Sh'monah Esrei*, Eighteen Benedictions, was reached, the whole congregation rose, and the murmur of prayer gave way to complete silence, in accordance with traditional usage. As they read the prayer to themselves, the Hasidim inclined their knees slightly each time the words "Blessed be Thou" occurred, so that the silence was broken continually by the creaking of the floor. Here and there, also, someone sighed softly as he pressed his fists against his chest and prayed for forgiveness. Everyone remained standing until the Rebbe had finished. When he took his chair, they too sat down and, like him, put their hands to their heads in private supplication. The stillness in the room deepened as "higher" and "lower" were bound together.

THAT night I arranged with Rabbi Hodakov for my second appointment with the Rebbe. It was more than a year now that I had been trying to "understand" Lubovitch—the faith and loyalty of its Hasidim, the success and continued vitality of its organization, its resistance to the degeneration common to hereditary spiritual dynasties. The obvious explanations did not really satisfy. After all, other religious groups had offered the same escape from personal responsibility, the same feeling of historic mission, the same sense of community.

The Lubovitcher Hasidim themselves had a ready explanation: "We have had great Rebbes." But I was beginning to believe that part of the "secret" might be precisely that Lubovitch depended less on its Rebbes than did other sects. That warm mystic mood of Hasidism, that sense of God's spirit pulsating through all creation—the inner marrow or *lechut*, as they called it—was not entrusted for communication to the personal powers of a single man. Other Hasidic leaders in Shneur Zalman's day had been as great; there was the saintly Levi Yitzchak of Berditchev (d. 1804), for example, and the gifted Nachman of Bratzlav (d. 1810), but their sects had remained vital for only as long as the founders were vividly remembered. Shneur Zalman, however, had constructed a system whereby the delicate and ephemeral grasp of the "unworldly" could be captured in "vessels" of rational formulation—vessels which could on demand be made to pour forth their supply of "living waters." The meticulous concern for organized study, for well-edited textbooks, for public relations and good business procedure—all so apparently incongruous in a sect of mystics—was actually a key to Lubovitch's special history. These "vessels" of thought and organization had made of Hasidism something "you could get your hands on."

Yet to the Lubovitcher Hasid, the secret still lies in the "greatness" of his Rebbe,

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and it is true that without this faith of the Hasid in his Rebbe there would be no Lubovitcher movement. But can one understand how such faith operates without at least momentarily sharing in it? I thought not, and brought to my last meeting with the Rebbe an eagerness to identify, if only for a moment, with the Hasid's faith. I also brought a nasal cold and a slight fever which I now suspect had something to do with my experiences that evening.

My appointment was for 10 P.M. I came on time, though knowing by now that with respect to appointments, Lubovitch followed the dictum of another Rebbe, "the Kotsker," who maintained, "Where there is a soul, there cannot be a clock." On arrival, I found a group of Hasidim in the study hall, listening to one of their comrades who reputedly had a gift for remembering every word of the Rebbe's discourses. Several weeks ago the Rebbe had spoken "Torah," and since then the Hasidim had been gathering to hear this man with the photographic memory "repeat the Torah."

Noticing that the phones in the office were quiet, I approached Rabbi Hodakov's desk, and requested a few minutes of his time. The Rebbe's secretary shrugged his thin shoulders and invited me to take a seat. "Rabbi Hodakov," I asked, "could you tell me briefly what Lubovitch offers people?"

Rabbi Hodakov sat straight in his chair and his eyes brightened. Then he spoke so forcefully that a student standing over in a corner of the office looked up in surprise. "I can tell you in one word—*leben,* life." He paused for a moment. "There are other kinds of death besides the one of the grave. What is life for one creature on earth need not be life for another. A monkey may act like a man, and I don't know how he feels then—but if a man acts like a monkey, he stops being a man—he stops living.

"What is it that makes life?" Rabbi Hodakov's voice grew even stronger as he continued to speak. "It is the fulfilment of a mission and a purpose. In nature we have different classes—mineral, vegetable, animal, and then man. Within the class of man there is a species called the Jew. The Jew has his purpose like every other species, but what is this purpose?" A few more students had entered the office and were now listening openly to our discussion. Rabbi Hodakov went on passionately. "We would not have known the purpose if God had not done us a *chesed*—a gracious favor. He gave us a Torah."

THE room had become quiet. The boys edged close, and I think Rabbi Hodakov was aware that he had an audience. I too felt self-conscious. All were waiting for my next question. Through the slight haze of my fever, an appalling thought suddenly penetrated to my mind. This was not just a conversation. It was going to become a *vikuach*—a religious disputation similar to those held in the Middle Ages between the "believer" and the "heretic." I, of course, was cast in the role of the heretic, and the boys in the room who had gathered to listen were convinced that, like all heretics, I was about to be annihilated by the logic and spiritual power of the truth. But dabbing my watery eyes and running nose with a handkerchief, and feeling somewhat like a lamb stretching out its neck to the knife, I offered the question that I knew was expected of me. "But how do we know that God gave us the Torah?"

Rabbi Hodakov's eyes glinted; the knife was lifted. "When was the Constitution written?" I mumbled a date, hoping that it was correct. But Rabbi Hodakov was not interested in my knowledge of American history. "How do you know?" he demanded. Witnesses and correlating documents, I ventured, adding a protest to the effect that the Constitution did not purport to be more than a human document. I remember using the word "witnesses" deliberately because I felt that he would want to seize on it in answering me. "Ah-hah"—Rabbi Hodakov sat up in his chair to deliver the *coup de grace.* "If witnesses are to be believed about a human document, then how much more difficult would it be to find real witnesses for a Divine document? Wouldn't it be even more difficult to forge such testimony?"

Actually, I wasn't sure that I followed his logic, but I blamed that on myself, or on the fever which was blurring my mind. Besides, I had come across the same line of argument before—it was made use of in the 12th century by Judah Halevi in his *Sefer Ha-Kuzari.* Six hundred thousand witnesses, says Judah Halevi, saw the Torah given by God to Moses. The event has been re-

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lated by father to son in an unbroken chain of testimony. How could the claim that a whole generation had witnessed the giving of the Torah possibly have been invented in some later age? The elders would deny having heard of the event from their fathers and the claim would fall to the ground. Consequently, concludes Judah Halevi, revelation must be as credible a fact as any recorded event in history.

This argument had never impressed me before, but it now occurred to my feverish mind that it was very sensible, and I wondered why I hadn't understood it on other occasions. I was reaching for my handkerchief again when the buzzer rang. The Rebbe was waiting. I grabbed my notebook and escaped into the hallway.

THE quiet of the Rebbe's office and his soft-spoken greeting were like balm after the "disputation." "*Shalom aleichem,* Rabbi Weiner," Rabbi Menachem Mendel smiled, extending his hand. I protested that after a year of visiting 770 Eastern Parkway I knew that a good Hasid should not take the Rebbe's hand. "We don't have to begin that way," he said, beckoning me toward a chair. He looked a bit paler than when I had first seen him a year ago and there was more gray in his black beard, but the same grave smile played in his deep blue eyes.

I opened my notebook and sat back in the chair, again conscious of how comfortable and relaxing it was in the Rebbe's office. Then I remembered that this was my last chance, and resolved to ask even the most embarrassing questions in an effort to solve the enigma of Lubovitch. I explained to the Rebbe that more than a year had passed since I began trying to understand the movement, and that I had come to him now with a confession: I did not understand. Would he mind if I started this interview by asking him about the character of a Hasid? Rabbi Menachem Mendel smiled and told me to go ahead; as before I could speak English but he would answer in Yiddish. "Isn't the fact that Hasidim turn to the Rebbe for almost every decision in their lives—isn't this a sign of weakness, a repudiation of the very thing that makes a man human, his *b'chirah*—freedom of will?"

The Rebbe's answer came without hesitation, as if he had dealt with the question before. "A weak person is usually overcome by the environment in which he finds himself. But our Hasidim can be sent into any environment, no matter how strange or hostile, and they maintain themselves within it. So how can we say that it is weakness which characterizes a Hasid?"

I pressed my question from another angle, and told him that I sensed a desire in *Habad* to oversimplify, to strip ideas of their complexity merely for the sake of a superficial clarity. As a matter of fact, I blurted out, all his Hasidim seemed to have one thing in common: a sort of open and naive look in their eyes that a sympathetic observer might call *t'mimut* (purity) but that might less kindly be interpreted as emptiness or simplemindedness, the absence of inner struggle.

I found myself taken aback by my own boldness, but the Rebbe showed no resentment. He leaned forward. "What you see missing from their eyes is a *kera!*" "A what?" I asked. "Yes, a *kera,*" he repeated quietly, "a split." The Rebbe hesitated for a moment. "I hope you will not take offense, but something tells me you don't sleep well at night, and this is not good for 'length of days.' Perhaps if you had been raised wholly in one world or in another, it might be different. But this split is what comes from trying to live in two worlds."

The Rebbe's *ad hominem* answer encouraged me to be personal in return. "But you too have studied in two worlds, and your Hasidim are rather proud of the fact that you once attended the Sorbonne. Why then do you discourage them from studying in the 'other world'?"

"Precisely because I have studied and I know what the value of that study is," the Rebbe replied quickly. "I recognize its usefulness. If there are people who think they can help God sustain the world, I have no objection. We need engineers and chemists, but engineering and chemistry are not the most important things. Besides, to study does not mean only to learn facts. It means exposure to certain circles and activities which conflict with a believer's values and faith. It's like taking a person from a warm environment and throwing him into a cold water shock-treatment several times a day. How long can he stand it? In addition, studies in college take place at an age when a man's character is not yet crystallized, usu-

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ally before the age of thirty. Exposure then is dangerous."

THERE was a slight pause, and then I asked the Rebbe if he would object to being questioned about himself. He shrugged smilingly. Well, then, I said: the boys at 770 Eastern Parkway claimed that the Rebbe was able to see things they could not see and that he was not mere "flesh and blood." He himself, in our last interview, had given me a rather more rational explanation of the powers of the Rebbe, saying that they were a matter of "empathy." But I wanted to know whether he regarded himself and his six predecessors as mere flesh and blood.

For the first time he hesitated over his answer. "Are you asking me to tell you about myself?" he smiled. "I don't think you should write an article about me and my beliefs. But I can tell you what the position of the Rebbe is in Hasidism. We are, of course, all of us only flesh and blood, and I'm not responsible for all the stories you may hear. But you must approach the facts of the case without preconceived theories. Science, after all, means the willingness to observe facts and follow them to whatever conclusions they will lead—not to try to push the facts into a desired pattern."

"Do you believe, then, that the Rebbe has special insight and can see things and know things beyond the comprehension of ordinary people?" I still wanted a clear answer.

"Yes," said the Rebbe.

"And is this power given only to the Rebbe, or to other men also?"

"As a believer," replied the Rebbe, "I am convinced that it can only be given to a 'keeper of Torah and *mitzvot.*' " At that moment, a question I had not planned to ask came to my lips. "What is a *b'rachah?*"

"What?" asked the Rebbe, slightly startled.

"What does it mean when somebody comes to ask you for a blessing?"

"Are you asking me what I mean by a *b'rachah?*" the Rebbe deflected the question. "Better that I tell you what Hasidism means by it. A man is affected by many 'levels,' higher and lower. It is possible for the Tsaddik, the Rebbe, to awaken powers slumbering within a man. It is also possible to bring him into contact with a higher level of powers outside his own soul. A person lives on one floor of a building and needs help from the floor above; if he can't walk up himself, someone else must help him get that help."

"Does that mean that the Rebbe can help a man up to a higher spiritual plane?"

"That's the hardest way," answered the Rebbe. "The easier way is to bring these powers down upon him."

I asked about miracles, and this time the Rebbe replied immediately. "To believe in the Creator, and to believe that there is a continuous relationship between the Creator and the creation, is necessarily to believe that the Creator can do anything with His creation."

We spoke about religious faith and I suggested that many people would like to believe but found it hard. Rabbi Menachem Mendel disagreed. "It's not so hard for people to believe. There are millions who believed in Gandhi and millions who believe in the Pope, and even atheists when pressed to a corner come up with belief."

When I protested that in most cases doubt seemed to overwhelm faith, the Rebbe nodded. "There can be doubts. To question God, however, is the first indication that one believes in something. You have to know something about God even to question Him. But we must try to overcome doubts by a constant feeding of the spirit. Just as a body that has been kept healthy can overcome a crisis, so a soul can defeat its crises and its doubts if it is constantly kept healthy."

"In that case, why are there so many without faith?"

The Rebbe looked at me directly. "They are afraid of their faith. They are afraid of following out the consequences of the faith which they would arrive at by honest observation of the facts. They are afraid that they might have to abandon some of their comfort or give up cherished ideas. They are afraid of changing their lives."

I brought up another problem. Several weeks before I had heard him say that America, rather than Israel, was the place where Jewish life could flourish best.* How did he reconcile this attitude with the commandment to leave the *Galut,* the Diaspora?

"What is *Galut? Galut* means the estrangement of a person from his essen-

*But there are some flourishing institutions and numerous followers of Habad in Israel.

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tial self. If a person moves from an environment where he observed the commandments and had a Jewish soul, and comes to America where he forsakes the Torah while growing rich, free, and comfortable, he has nevertheless gone into exile, because he has left himself. It's not just assimilation, it's worse, it's what we call in English an *inferiority complex*. It is the admission that one's own values are inferior to the values of those around one. In Israel, too, it may be possible to go into *Galut*, to forsake the Torah and lose the spirit which is our essential nature, to be 'like unto all the nations.' In addition," the Rebbe said quietly, "America not only has the largest Jewish population in the world, but great material resources. Even as the spiritual can affect the material, so with material resources one can do things for the spirit."

The buzzer at the Rebbe's desk sounded. Rabbi Hodakov was reminding us that others were waiting. I decided to ask a final question. "Many Jews today are searching," I said to the Rebbe, "they want to return. What would you say to them to help them find their way?"

The Rebbe paused for a moment. "I would say that the most important thing is 'no compromise.' I would send to them the words spoken by the prophet Elijah: *How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, follow him.* Compromise is dangerous, because it sickens both the body and the soul. A compromiser who tries to mediate between religion and the 'environment' is unable to go in either direction, and unable to distinguish the truth."

But would not people reject such rigid alternatives?

"This is the contribution of *Habad* Hasidism," the Rebbe pointed out. "It's important to know that one must do everything, but at the same time we welcome the doing of even a part. If all we can accomplish is to save only one limb, we save that. Then we worry about saving another."

The buzzer rang again, and I arose, but the Rebbe motioned for me to wait. To my surprise he informed me that he had carefully read some articles about religion in Israel which I had published in COMMENTARY [July and August, 1955]. Another hour passed as Menachem Mendel Schneerson gently but firmly offered his criticism of the pieces. It was after three o'clock in the morning when I left the Rebbe's office and guiltily passed a bearded young man who was still waiting for his appointment. The secretary's office was closed, but from the street through a window I could see that Rabbi Hodakov was bent over his desk, his head buried in his arms.

THE NEXT morning when I returned to retrieve a brief-case I had left in the office, Rabbi Hodakov was still at his desk. His eyes were red and the phylacteries were on his head and arm. While he recited the morning prayers, one of the boys attended to his busy telephone. Two of the older students came up to me as I was leaving the office. They had heard that I had spent almost three hours with the Rebbe early that morning, and they wanted to know what I thought now about their Rebbe. Their eyes shone with pride as they awaited my reply. I remembered that the Rebbe had said that the open look in a Hasid's eyes was not naivety but the absence of a *kera* —a split.

Indeed, I thought, there is no "split" at Lubovitch. It offered its followers a world in which the mind was never confused by contradictions; where life was not compartmentalized; where the tensions between heart and mind, flesh and soul, God and His creation were all dissolved in the unity of a higher plan. Within this plan the leather strip of the phylacteries, and the gas chambers of Hitler, both serve their function, for "There is no place empty of Him." And any doubt or confusion that arose might be clarified by making oneself "as nothing" before the Rebbe, who in turn made himself "as nothing" before the will of God.

No, there was no *kera* in the eyes of the Hasidim who awaited my answer. They nodded their heads enthusiastically as I expressed my admiration for their Rebbe. I confessed to them that before leaving early that morning, I had asked the Rebbe for his personal blessing. What was more, my cold of last night was much better. They shook my hand as if I were paying them a personal compliment. For, after all, in this respect too there is no "split" in Lubovitch, where the Hasidim "are only the branches and the Rebbe is the root."

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HOW REAL IS ARAB NATIONALISM?

Nasserism Paves the Way for Communism

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR

ARAB nationalism existed before the Russian Revolution, and it would have continued to grow without it. But without Soviet encouragement and guidance it would not have attained its present dimensions—and without a sharp change in the Soviet attitude toward non-Communist and even reactionary regimes in backward countries, this encouragement and guidance itself would not have been forthcoming.

Under Stalin, Communist collaboration with non-Communist movements in Asia or Africa was out of the question. At least it became so after 1928, when the Communist alliance with the Chinese nationalists collapsed. From then on Stalin was suspicious even of Asian Communists; his coolness toward the Chinese party until shortly before the latter's triumph shows that. All the more reason why he, the "Marxist-Leninist," should refuse to cooperate with national, or social, "reformists" like Nehru and the other representatives of the Asian "colonial bourgeoisie," whom he saw as mainly engaged in hoodwinking the "masses" in the interest of Western imperialism. A narrow, hyper-doctrinaire interpretation of Marxism-Leninism plus Stalin's own tendency to distrustfulness and caution—especially in foreign affairs—imposed a Communist policy in Asia that in retrospect can be seen as self-defeating in its rigidity. Although under Stalin's own regime power rested neither with the proletariat nor the party, he continued to view the dictatorship of the proletariat as indispensable to revolution elsewhere—or, failing that, it was indispensable to a party-led "revolution from above" installed by Soviet Russian bayonets. Since the right kind of proletariat was lacking in Asia, and since there seemed no chance there for a "revolution from above," Stalin in effect wrote that vast continent off as a theater of Communist expansion.

After Stalin's death a general revision of the old tenets of Leninism was undertaken in Moscow. Its first product was, in Europe, the "coexistence" campaign of 1955; in Asia it was the effort at a broad rapprochement with non-Communist governments and national movements in general. This meant, in the Middle East, the support of Arab "national socialism" against the West. It also meant support for some of the most reactionary regimes on earth. Nonetheless, the ideological justification for this turn was not hard to provide. A venture in a similar direction had already been made back in the early 20's, when Lenin and Stalin explained that the Emir of Afghanistan was a progressive force because he opposed Western imperialism, whereas the British Labor party was not.

In an article in a recent number of the official Russian party magazine, *Kommunist,* the rationalization is given complete. Soviet policy in the past had been "nihilistic" in rejecting the help of the Asian "nationalist bourgeoisie," the clergy, and even some of the great landowners in the struggle against colonialism. There was no real danger that these elements would become the leading force in this struggle: the mere ex-

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ARAB nationalism is a loudly trumpeted phrase today—what does it mean, how real is it? WALTER Z. LAQUEUR, who here examines that movement's character and content, is an authority on Middle Eastern affairs and the author of *Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East,* published by Praeger last year. His most recent contribution to COMMENTARY was "Soviet Policy and Jewish Fate" (October 1956).

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istence of the USSR and the other Communist states was a guarantee against that eventuality. Nor should the Communist attitude be as negative as in the past toward the "utopianist and populist socialism" rife in the Orient. Admittedly, a good deal of it was just "fashionable talk" and even represented a conscious attempt to betray the masses, but it was nonetheless incumbent on Communists to encourage the anti-capitalist mood now "widespread both among the people and the intelligentsia." The writer goes on to say: "In the East we have a repetition—though in very different political circumstances—of various early phases of the revolutionary struggle . . . it would be wrong to assume that the Pestels, Ryleyevs, Herzens, Tolstoys, and Chernishevskys could emerge *only* in the Russia of the past century—that they cannot appear again in the contemporary East."

All this is new in Soviet Moscow. Westerners had long ago noticed the populist and vaguely anti-capitalist character of much of Asian nationalism and were therefore less surprised by its postwar development. But the emphasis on populism and anti-capitalism can go too far: to mention Nasser of Egypt and Ali Abu Nawar of Jordan in the same breath as Herzen and Tolstoy is ludicrous. The populist intelligentsia of 19th-century Russia were radically democratic, and they were also humanistic and cosmopolitan; nothing could be less true of the leaders, political or intellectual, of Arab nationalism.

What the author of the article in *Kommunist* really means is that any government or movement, no matter how reactionary and backward, is acceptable to the Soviet Union as an ally as long as it does not side with the West. The decisive criterion for Soviet Communism today is the international balance of power, not social or political institutions. And Leninism is now interpreted according to long-term considerations, not immediate issues, on the assumption—which is not unfounded in view of the inability of most of the present regimes in the Middle East to solve their internal problems—that time works altogether in favor of Communism, and that the Nassers and their like will eventually be replaced by Communist fronts.

For these and a variety of other reasons, the Soviets see the Middle East as the most—and perhaps the only—promising sphere for the expansion of their power at the present moment. Moscow may still try for "coexistence" in Europe because it has no chance of winning further ground there without precipitating a world war, but the situation in the Middle East is radically different. Syria, Jordan, and perhaps Egypt have a good chance of being transformed into "popular democracies" without exposing the Soviets to the risk of all-out war. After all, the Eisenhower Doctrine is designed to deal with military aggression alone, not with ostensibly peaceful transfers of power or *coups d'état*. For the same reason it would not serve Russian purposes to extend the "coexistence" campaign to the Middle East or make a deal there with the West.

Whether the West could have reached a temporary understanding with Stalin over the Middle East in 1948 or 1951 is a moot point. With his heirs, who move with a great deal less caution in foreign affairs than he, such an understanding is out of the question. In 1946 Stalin withdrew from Persia under Western pressure; nor did he dare to try to carry out any of the dire threats he uttered against Turkey. His heirs, however, have declared themselves ready to contemplate the use of military force to "protect" the emerging "popular democracies" of the Arab world. Whether or not this is a bluff, the effect of their new attitude has been to make the Middle East the most explosive area of world politics; and it is no exaggeration to say that the danger of war—and not only of a local one—is now greater than it ever was under Stalin.

II

The compliant way in which Arab nationalism has yielded to Communist infiltration, influence, and guidance not only reveals aspects of that nationalism which

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Western foreign offices have paid too little attention to, but discloses a wealth of tactical potentialities and resources possessed by world Communism which the West in general had hardly suspected. Every weakness in Arab nationalism seems to elicit and link up with a complementary strength in Communism.

It is essential to Communism in the Middle East that Arab nationalism should remain impotent to solve the social, economic, and real political problems of the Middle East. Nasser's helplessness before his real problems is what keeps him committed to anti-Westernism, and leads him to dream aloud of an Arab empire instead of working simply for a strong Egyptian state. It is also what makes his collaboration with the Russians so necessary.

Underneath the impotence of Arab nationalism lies an absence of content, of ideas, even of ideology. Nasserism—Arab "national socialism"—is not a doctrine or a political philosophy; it is simply a state of mind. Nasser himself and his colleagues have never tried to lay down a detailed political program, let alone formulate political ideas. They know what they are against—foreign rule and influence, and what they think is monopoly capitalism—and that, they believe, is enough for the time being. For the rest, they say they are for restoring to Egypt and to the Arab world their old power and glory. Nazism and Fascism may have been woefully shoddy ideologies, but by comparison with present-day Arab nationalism they look like profound and sophisticated philosophies —at least they tried to endow "being German" or "being Italian" with some meaning.*

But dreams of grandeur and wishful thinking are not enough if the Arabs themselves are to fill the "power vacuum" in the Middle East, as they say they intend to. What is required is the radical secularization and modernization of their society, which requires in turn the willingness and the ability to cope with social and economic problems. This would mean much less bombastic speechifying and much, much more hard work. Yet nothing is further from the state of mind which is Arab nationalism than economic and social questions. This is why the economic projects for the Middle East now being urged in the West, though well meant, are beside the point and will not bring a political solution in that area any nearer. (Which does not mean that they should be dropped; only no illusions should be entertained about their short-term political effect.)

Far more important than social or economic questions is the political factor, or rather the emotional and psychological factor that expresses itself through politics. This is what Western statesmen and observers seem to have the greatest trouble understanding.

THE West itself has only just begun to outgrow the phase of nationalism in which national self-esteem and prestige were all-decisive, and countries went to war to protect their honor or for the sake of a few square miles of territory. Many Asian countries, however, are just entering that phase. Nehru may be a paragon of political wisdom and good sense compared to Nasser, and yet, with some 350 million Indians to feed and clothe on his hands, he has ventured to the brink of war for the sake of another ten million in Kashmir who can only add to the difficulties of the government he heads.

"National honor" likewise accounts for most of the intensity of Arab feeling about Israel. The bitterness of that feeling has frequently been exaggerated in the West, but is tremendous nevertheless—and derives almost entirely from wounded self-esteem, not from resentment at the plight of the Arab refugees or at the inconvenience caused by broken land communications between Cairo and Amman or Damascus. The Sinai campaign, despite the completely falsified

*This is not to say that some Arab thinkers, in the 19th and the present century, have not tried to inject a content into Arab nationalism and define its relevance to the present (see H. Z. Nuseibeh's *Ideas of Arab Nationalism*, published by the Cornell University Press in 1956). But though their attempts have been serious and laudable, the results have not been satisfactory. Nasser himself has learned far more from Mussolini than from any Arab ideologue.

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accounts of it circulated to the Arab public, has only exacerbated the wound. And on top of all this is the xenophobia endemic to the Arab world, which would be there even without Israel and without colonialism.

There is a school of thought which holds that Western relations with the Arab world were amicable and easy up until the First World War, when Britain and France moved into the Middle East, a Jewish national home was founded in Palestine, and Western penetration was increased in other ways; if only all this could be undone, it is said, things would return to normal in the Middle East. Nothing could be more illusory. Time was when Islam was indeed more tolerant and progressive than the West, but that was five hundred years ago, and since the Middle Ages virulent xenophobia, fanatical intolerance, and anti-Westernism have been the rule throughout the Moslem world, and especially in its Arab part. The notion that Arab hostility to the West arose only in 1914, or in the late 19th century, is contradicted by all travelers' accounts from the 18th century on.

If anything, Israel acts as a lightning conductor for Arab anti-Westernism, and were she to disappear the West would become more of a direct target of Arab resentment than before. As Hans E. Tütsch, who covers the Middle East for the Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (and who is almost unique among foreign correspondents in that area in knowing Arabic), writes in a recent book (*Die arabischen Volker am Kreuzweg*, Zurich, 1956): "It would be a mistake to assume that with a solution of the Palestine conflict a pacification of the Middle East would follow. The problems facing the great powers cannot be solved in Palestine alone. There are deeper causes than the Arab-Israel conflict for the unrest in the Middle East." Among these deeper causes, the crisis of Arab self-esteem in general bulks very large—and it happens to be something that Communism finds easy to exploit.

In the Middle East even more than in China or Southeastern Asia, Communism has demonstrated a new capacity to champion the claims to self-esteem of nationalities, and not only of social classes. Nor is this all. The tactical and psychological flexibility of post-Stalin Communism—which makes it much more formidable than Nazism or Fascism ever were on the international scene—is further shown by the fact that it can act as a vehicle of the most backward kind of xenophobia. And Communism's formal adherence to internationalism only serves to make it the more effective in this role (just as the Soviets' official opposition to anti-Semitism enables them to practice anti-Semitism with more impunity, and with the collaboration of Jews themselves).

But Communist opportunism has for a long time been infinite, at least in possibility. More than thirty years ago the Soviets already had on hand an ideological device with which to fan Arab anti-Westernism in the colonial countries as well as inflate their self-esteem. A Moslem Tartar named Sultan Galiev, who served in the 20's as one of Stalin's men in the Commissariat for Nationalities in Moscow, developed the idea that the real solution of the world's problems lay in a dictatorship of the backward over the industrialized countries. Against the worldwide dictatorship of one class (the proletariat) or the present dictatorship of the world by the West, Galiev wrote, "We advance another theory: the material premises for a social transformation of humanity can be created only through the establishment of the dictatorship of the colonies and semi-colonies over the metropolises."

Galiev's "theory" was mentioned in several books published in Russia in the 20's, and very recently in a book by Richard Pipes, *The Formation of the Soviet Union* (Harvard University Press, 1954), but otherwise it had been virtually forgotten, Galiev himself having disappeared during a purge some time in the late 20's. But now his idea has cropped up again in the Middle East. Surprisingly, many echoes of it have been heard in the Cairo and Damascus "national socialist" press over the last year

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—and the main accent has been on its anti-Western implications.

The socialist component in Arab "national socialism" is in any case extremely nebulous. The Arab "national socialists" are for the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions, but against the class struggle. They favor the Communists against the Social Democrats. The only place where Arab "national socialism" becomes less vague is in its attitude toward the advanced countries of the West. Here there is no room for nonsense about internationalism, proletarian or otherwise: all that matters is the defeat and humiliation of the West, and its reduction to a dependency of the great Arab empire of the future.

This may sound like sheer megalomaniacal fantasy without any connection with reality, but the emotion behind it is of decisive importance in the Arab world of today, and one to which the West would do well to pay regard. It explains why it would probably be easier right now for the West to reach an understanding with Russia or her satellites than with the "national socialist" Arabs themselves.

III

IN TAKING cognizance of the Communist threat in the Middle East it would be misleading to look for parallels with the course of events in Eastern Europe after 1945. There the Communists came to power through popular fronts or alliances with left Socialist or liberal politicians, whom they were able subsequently to "cut away" with the help of the very Russian bayonets that had installed the Communists in the post-war governments in Eastern Europe in the first place. In the Middle East there is no Red Army, and the Communists collaborate with right extremists rather than with left or liberal politicians, who are anyhow few and far between. Moreover, the countries of the Middle East are far more backward than those of Eastern Europe. Thus the conditions for Communist penetration in the Middle East are quite different, and require of the Communists themselves a much more complicated plan of campaign.

The kind of "popular democracy" which will emerge in the Arab world if the Communists get their way may constitute a new departure and set a new pattern. The textbooks of Leninism—especially since the 20th Congress of the Russian party—contain nothing that would prohibit a specifically Middle Eastern variety of "popular democracy."

One of its features would certainly be the continuation of the stress the Communists everywhere now put on international politics. This would mean redoubling the fight against the West while abstaining carefully from any demand for, or attempt to carry out, major social or economic reforms at home that might antagonize the allies of the regime among the "national bourgeoisie," the landlords, or the clergy. Yet the Communists would at the same time bend every effort to entrench themselves in key positions of power in the police, the army, the press, and the radio, and would try to squeeze out all potential rivals. Given their superior organization, their political training, and the absence in the Middle East of organized political parties on the Western model, they should not have too much trouble in doing this. By then the purpose of the "national front" would have been fulfilled, and its Communist wire-pullers would be able to proceed safely to put the heat on the "national bourgeoisie" and other allies no longer needed.

Actually, this is the stage that has already been reached in Syria, and which is approaching in Jordan.

In Syria the government and administration are undergoing a drastic purge designed to eliminate all officials suspected of being pro-Western or pro-democratic, and even some who are guilty of nothing more than having had a Western education. The two main political parties, the Sha'ab and the National, are being subjected to increasing intimidation, and those of their leaders who are anti-Communist have been or are about to be arrested, and some of them are already being tried. The old executive committees

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of these parties are in process of dissolution, and their new committees, elected under Communist pressure, are filled largely with fellow-travelers and other people willing to cooperate with the Communists. At this point, and this point only, the picture begins to resemble that in Eastern Europe at the time when the Communists were getting rid of rival political parties.

Now that the Communists are showing their hand so openly in the Middle East, Western observers are at a loss to understand the failure to react of Arab non-Communist politicians. With all that the past has taught the world about Communist ways and means, how can bona fide nationalist leaders like Shukri el-Kuwatli and Zabri el-Assali in Syria, and Suleiman Nabulsi in Jordan, go on collaborating as closely as they still do with the Communists? How can the Socialist Ba'th party in Syria actually enter into negotiations for a merger with them? Either these people have become Communists themselves, or else they are possessed by a suicidal impulse; there seems to be no possible third explanation.

But for that matter, how can it be explained that practically all Arab heads of government, from Saud in Arabia to Nasser in Egypt and President Kuwatli in Syria, continue to protest that Communism is no threat in the Middle East?

The over-all explanation—and this is something Western observers again find it hard to realize—must be sought really in the political blindness, stupidity, and crassness of the non-Communist leaders of the Arab world. There are some exceptions, but on the whole the Arab Communists are so superior to their rivals in political competence as to make the issue seem sealed in advance and Communist domination of the Middle East only a matter of time. And yet the matter is not quite as simple as that, even when we take Arab political obtuseness into full account.

When Khaled Bakdash, leader of the Syrian Communists and the chief among Middle Eastern Communists in general, declares, as he did the other day, that there is no Communist danger in Syria, it is a huge joke, for in his eyes Communism is not a danger but something very much to be wished for. But when Kuwatli, Nasser, or Saud say the same thing, not only is a general ignorance of Russia, Communism, and world affairs involved, but also an element of political expediency (as well as a large dosage of wishful thinking).

If Nasser and the other Arab heads of government renounced anti-Westernism they would have to replace it with programs of radical domestic reform. But there is nothing they have less appetite for than that. Their dilemma is well described by a distinguished Arabist, Sir Hamilton A. R. Gibb (*Atlantic Monthly*, October 1956):

> Inevitably, as the nationalist leaders felt mass support slipping away they made ever more violent efforts to regain it by continuing to harp on the continued presence of European forces or enterprises or controls, or on the hidden hand of Western diplomacy and on Western support of Zionism. When accused of neglecting social issues, they insisted that those were secondary and controversial, and must not disrupt the nation's united determination to achieve its national aims. However genuinely the politicians desired national independence, they did not know what to do with it. Concentrating on its negative aspect as freedom from interference and without positive program, they could only try to fill the void of policy by propaganda.

This defines the position not only of old-style Arab politicians like Kuwatli, but also of new-style Arab dictators like Nasser. For them a pro-Soviet orientation has become the path of least resistance. And against the dangers to be met along that path they conjure up the magic powers of "Arab integral nationalism," which they profess to believe—perhaps even sincerely, such is the wishfulness produced by their dilemma—is so much the strongest force in the Middle East as to render that region immune to the more serious consequences of close cooperation with Communism and the Soviet Union.

Meanwhile the Communists continue to

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make hay. Syria is already ruled by a pro-Soviet junta of army officers with Communist political advisers, and enjoys the benefit not only of full-scale political purges and show trials, but a muzzled press most of whose foreign news is supplied by Tass bulletins, and of a radio that broadcasts Soviet propaganda in Russian as well as Arabic. Those non-Communists, including President Kuwatli and his prime minister who have been left in office, are figureheads without real power. The Communists are now sponsoring a "national charter" to which eighty deputies to the Syrian parliament, its majority, have already subscribed, and a new Communist-controlled "state" party is on the way to full rule in the country.

In Jordan the Communists are represented in the government, but still face some real opposition, particularly from King Hussein. His desperate attempts to stem the tide of Communist infiltration have so far resulted, however, in nothing more than half-hearted administrative measures. One gets some idea of Hussein's caliber as a Red-baiter from his effort to "smear" Communism as a "Zionist invention." This kind of propaganda is even more ineffective—aside from being ludicrous—than Nuri Said's attempt in Iraq to fight Communism as atheistic. (As it happens, urban Arabs, and especially the intelligentsia among them, care far less about their religion than most Westerners realize. Nor do the Communists themselves sponsor militantly atheist propaganda any more; now they call attention to the churches and mosques still functioning in the USSR, and they have even succeeded in getting a number of Moslem clergymen in Arab countries to vouch for their honorable intentions toward religion.)

Fundamentally, the situation in Jordan is the same as in Syria, and unless she manages to break away from the Cairo-Damascus axis—which seems very unlikely—and even more important, develops an independent non-Communist policy at home, she is destined to go the same way as Syria.

In Egypt the Communist movement has been united only since last September and is still illegal—but so now are all other political parties in the country. Not a single member of the ruling junta belongs to the Communist party, yet the whole Egyptian press, the radio, and all the other media of public communication have fallen into the hands of fellow-travelers. These have also gained many commanding positions in the political police, the army, and the civil administration.

Fellow-travelers by no means form a majority in Egyptian public life, but they do constitute the only group that knows what it wants, and as a result they have had a decisive hand in creating the present political climate of the country and in shaping the style of the regime and its outlook on world affairs. They have also imported "socialist realism" into Egypt, and there is now more "socialist realist" art and literature there, according to a recent visitor, "than in the whole of East Europe."

A book published in Paris last year, *L'Egypte en mouvement* (Editions du Seuil) by Jean and Simone Lacouture, gives a picture of how the Communists and fellow-travelers got where they now are in Egypt. That its authors lived in Egypt, are favorably disposed toward Nasser, and had a good deal to do with the Egyptian *"progressistes"* adds perhaps to the reliability of their account.

They tell how, in 1952, the Egyptian Communists decided to "cultivate" the ruling military junta. "The junta is a coming force," they said. "But it has no sense of direction. There is a vacuum, we will fill it; it has no ideology, no cadres, no political knowhow. We will give it its orientation." As the authors show convincingly, the Egyptian Communists have ever since provided Nasser's junta with its slogans and guided its actions: "The Communists and 'progressives' thus took the place of the American advisers, who had between 1952 and 1954 wanted to channel the regime toward a prudent reformism. . . ."

But all that the Egyptian Communists and "progressives" really have in common

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with Nasser and his colleagues is anti-Westernism. Once the present phase is passed and the Communists and their sympathizers have entrenched themselves securely, there is bound to be a parting of the ways.

At this point those who would accuse me of exaggerating the Communist danger in the Middle East might say: Granted that Nasserism lacks positive content, but may you not be applying the terms "Communism" and "Communist" to the Middle Eastern scene too loosely, too sweepingly, and too often? After all, isn't the number of card-carrying Communists in the Middle East still rather small, and are there not perhaps ten to twenty times as many fellow-travelers—especially among the intelligentsia—and isn't there quite a difference between them and party members?

Granted, but the ultimate political effect still tends to be the same. For the fellow-travelers and the "progressives" follow wherever the card-carriers lead, and the "integral nationalists" follow the fellow-travelers.

The truly historic misfortune of the Arab world at the present juncture is perhaps the absence of a genuinely left political force. There are several Trotskyite splinter groups in the Middle East and a small Socialist movement in Lebanon, but nothing else. Only a strong and independent left could offer Middle Eastern Communism a real challenge, or else regimes modeled on Mustafa Kemal's precedent. But whereas Nasser could still have opted for Kemalism in 1955, now it is too late—he cannot turn back.

Nasser's "national socialism," and Arab nationalism in general—being the inflated mixture of "dynamism" without direction and propaganda without content that they are—seem made to order for the Communists; they provide them with just the sort of opposition and rivalry they can batten on. In effect, they prepare the way for them.

TOURO SYNAGOGUE

RUTH WHITMAN

As to an unknown lover I returned
To my father's land, a shifting land, now jeweled
And satined like a bride, a holy ark.

A stranger to his house, I heard my talk
More friendly to the twelve Ionic trees
Than to the tribes of Israel, more shy

To celebrate this birthday than to die.
White and perfect, starred with candlelight,
The sacred chamber held a secret stair.

The heart's escape leads out to everywhere,
Nowhere, but dreams still find a certain black
Connecticut hill.
My grandfather stands tall

And wraps me in his cemetery cloak,
Encircles me against the nightmare chill,
Till gowned in fear I follow with his ghost

Through village, town, down through the midnight past
To a second son reading by candlelight
Forbidden books that set his passion free,

To an immigrant tender in his blasphemy,
Bold, repentant, joyful against death,
Rich in gesture, eloquent as earth.

Ignorant of all, I catch my breath
To hear the sharp crack of the shattered cup.
Driven to live, I grope to gather up

The windless torch of love, my tribe's rebirth.

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EDUCATION IN DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY

The U. S. and Britain Compared

DAVID DAICHES

THE other day I heard a professor of education at an important Midwestern university give a talk to a group of his colleagues on his experiences in Thailand, where he had been for over a year advising on education. In shocked tones he told his audience that in Thai schools the pupils have to pass an examination before they can be moved up from one grade into the next. He added that the American team out there were trying to remove this dangerously undemocratic practice, and so enable a much higher percentage of pupils to move up each year and complete their schooling. Thus everybody would be educated, not only a tiny few, with the happy consequence that the people would be fortified against the seductions of Communism. At another point in his talk he said that Thai education was too "intellectual" and not sufficiently practical and vocational: no garage mechanic in Thailand was really competent to do automobile repairs. (Whether the kind of technical education which the professor advocated, a kind of education in which Soviet Russia, if the statistics published in the Western press are accurate, leads the world, was also a defense against Communism, he did not say.) In general, he seemed to regard education as either (a) the moving up a ladder to the top, regardless of what was done or learned in the process of moving, or (b) training to do a particular job of work, which will be the pupil's means of livelihood in afterlife.

Educators in Britain and America would agree that education must be democratic and it must be useful. Of course these are sensible ideals; few would claim that education ought to be undemocratic and useless. The difference between the British and the American approach lies in their respective definitions, or at least implicit definitions, of democracy and usefulness as applied to education. A democracy, in British eyes, has the duty of providing free education to every child according to his "age, ability, and aptitude" (in the words of the Education Act of 1944). The more democratic the educational system, the more the schools will strive to give to each pupil, whatever his class or economic background, that education which encourages and makes full use of whatever abilities he possesses.

As for the *usefulness* of education, there is still much general feeling in England that the function of education is to teach the pupil how to spend money, not how to make it. That is one reason why the British are having such difficulty in persuading youngsters to go in for the sciences rather than the humanities; the latter are concerned with the art of living, with books and music and good conversation, with the training of "a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline" (as Spenser put it in explaining the object of his *Faerie Queene*). A surprising number of British middle-class parents still consider that kind of education the "best," and they want their children to have it. So if—to

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IN THIS discussion of the differences between British and American education, DAVID DAICHES draws on his wide experience of teaching in the universities of both countries. Himself educated in his native Scotland and then at Oxford, Mr. Daiches has taught literature at the universities of Chicago, Cornell, and Cambridge, and this year has been a visiting professor at Indiana University. He is the author of many volumes of literary criticism, and of the much discussed autobiographical work *Two Worlds* (1956), a part of which, "My Father and His Father," appeared in our December 1955 issue.

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oversimplify—the American definition of the democratic and the useful in education leads to the contradictory ideals of equality of curriculum and of promotion on the one hand, and vocational training according to a future job on the other, the British definition of the same terms leads to the equally contradictory ideals of training according to individual abilities and aptitude on the one hand, and on the other to a general preference for the "arts side" over the "science side."

THIS, of course, applies to secondary education rather than to the colleges and universities, and each attitude is rooted in history in a complex manner. (The Harvard report on *General Education in a Free Society* discusses the historical background of the American situation with considerable insight.) I begin with a reference to secondary education deliberately, because the whole pattern of differences between the British and American academic scenes derives from basic differences in their attitudes to secondary education. The British have always put far more emphasis on secondary education; the large majority of the educational reforms of the last hundred years in England have been concerned with elementary or secondary education, and in the last quarter-century and more all concern about the curriculum, about "general education in a free society," about distinguishing between pupils of different abilities within the same age group, about language teaching, aptitude testing, teaching methods, and so on, has been concentrated on education at the secondary level.

The schools, not the colleges and universities, have been the main object of controversy between humanists and scientists and between all other opposed or professedly opposed schools of thought about education. On the whole, the universities have gone quietly on training the relatively few people sent up to them from the top forms of the secondary schools. My impression is that in America many more of these problems have been discussed with reference to the colleges (e.g., the question of "freshman English" and of basic literature courses) and there has been more excitement among serious and responsible educators about the college curriculum than about earlier educational levels (e.g., the Hutchins experiment in Chicago, the Harvard report, the continuous experimentation in so many liberal arts colleges).

The reason for this appears to me to be that while in America the ideal is that everybody should move right up to the top of the educational ladder—that is, right up to the university—the British ideal is that it is the object of secondary education, going ideally up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, to train the complete man, or as much of him as is available in any given individual, and that education beyond that level is for a minority with special gifts or special purposes. American secondary education is in some respects committed by its interpretation of the democratic doctrine to going at the pace of the slowest, and thus the high school curriculum is watered, leaving much basic knowledge to be acquired at college. British secondary education, which has chosen the other horn of the dilemma and tends to go at the pace of the quickest, being geared really to the needs of the brightest pupils and giving them every kind of special treatment and "forcing," puts the main burden of education onto the secondary level. The British schoolboy who is at all bright will work harder between the ages of, say, thirteen and eighteen than he will ever need to work at the university.

I remember myself with what immense relief I left school at Edinburgh to proceed to the university. Now at last I was free to do only the subjects that really interested me, and no longer hard hours of homework every evening on a great variety of subjects. I had had five years each of mathematics, physics and chemistry, and Greek; and six years each of English, history, and Latin, together with three years of French and two of German. (In recent years there has been an increasing tendency to specialize in the

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last two years of school, and concentrate on two or three subjects in preparation for university scholarship examinations.) And these subjects were all learned cumulatively, building each year on what was learned the year before, not taken in isolated units as is so often done in American high schools. I am not saying that my education was ideal—it was fiercely competitive, and it did very little for the large number of pupils who could not keep up with the competitive pace set by the bright pupils at the top, and it also was sometimes too formal and mechanical—but it was *solid*. It told me nothing about how to be a good citizen, but it taught me some basic skills, including several languages and more mathematics and sciences than is generally taught in the first and sometimes the second year of American colleges. It also taught me how to write essays, one of the most stressed features of British secondary education.

THERE is a good case against this kind of secondary education. American educators would say that it penalized heavily the non-academic type of pupil, and that the whole curriculum was conceived in too narrowly academic terms. The first charge is certainly justified; the second can be debated. The Education Act of 1944 tried to meet the first charge by distinguishing between different types of schools, or of curricula within a single "comprehensive" school, at which a child was entitled to a free education. There was the academic "grammar school" for those who showed an aptitude for it, and "modern" schools or technical schools for the others. The sifting is done by the now famous—or notorious—"eleven plus" examination.* Thus the non-academic students are taken care of in a much more general and flexible kind of education, but not at the expense of the progress of the traditional "bright boy." The trouble is that the "grammar school" (which alone leads to the university) still enjoys the highest social prestige, and middle-class parents want to send their children there whether they qualify for a free place or not. The Education Act promised "parity of esteem" between the different types of school and of teacher; but it has not worked out that way. The British know very well that the grammar school type of education is for the brightest pupils—in the traditional sense of that term—and it is they who are being trained as an elite to do the most responsible of the nation's jobs. And, naturally, they want their children to be among the elite.

*An examination (in English and arithmetic, together with intelligence and aptitude tests) taken as a rule when the child is eleven years old or a little over.

ALL this is by way of explanation of the often noted fact that the British student generally knows more when he comes up to the university than the American college freshman does. If going to college is a democratic right, then education must be spread out in order to leave something for the college to do for those who have no aptitude for higher learning. At Indiana University, where I am at the moment, the freshman and even sophomore courses in language and literature represent, in both content and level of teaching, what is taught in Britain two or even three years before the end of secondary education. And yet this is not altogether true. For the American freshman and sophomore has often a kind of curiosity, a provocative, uninformed but insistent "show me" attitude, an insistence on pitting his own limited experience against his teacher's knowledge, that makes the American college classroom at these levels very different indeed from the classroom of either the British grammar school or the British university.

"Why did Ulysses spend all that time in getting home to his wife after he left Troy?" a freshman asked one of my colleagues here the other day, during a lesson on the Odyssey. "If he'd really wanted to get home quickly, he would have managed it. I think he was kidding himself when he said he was so anxious to get back." This is naive, but it is not stupid, and it is not the kind of thing an English schoolboy would ask.

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The bright English schoolboy would mug up the standard works on the Homeric world and turn out a sophisticated essay on "Homer and the Heroic Age" based on a conflation of half a dozen books he had read in the school library; but it would never occur to him to ask whether Ulysses was kidding himself when he expressed his anxiety to return home quickly. The English schoolboy tends to relate knowledge to other knowledge, in order to form an elegant pattern (the bright essay being always the standard of achievement in the humanities); the American freshman wants to relate everything he reads or is told to his own experience. The latter as a rule has no sense of history or of form or of the *otherness* of different times and places; the former often lacks a sense of personal implication in what he studies.

To British—and indeed European—eyes, American education seems to waste some of the best learning years, at least for the brighter pupils, and to postpone until an unnecessarily late stage the essential core of education. But there is another side to the picture. The better American students are less blasé and work harder than their British opposite numbers, and by the end of their four undergraduate years have often achieved a kind of sophistication in terms of their subject which is at the opposite pole from the attitude revealed by the freshman's question about Ulysses. That kind of sophistication, which is particularly noticeable among the brighter students of literature, is consciously won by hard effort; it is (and I am talking of the best students) often the prelude to the use of specialized techniques in graduate work. The English student, building on his school training, will develop his accustomed skills with a kind of leisurely elegance and often, by the time he gets his degree, is not fundamentally any better educated than when he left school. He is likely to be less ambitious, more skeptical, less fundamentally serious than the American.

In such fields as literature, philosophy, and history, at least, the bright British student will most appreciate the lecturer who plays with ideas cleverly and suggestively, but the bright American student resents that: he wants the truth, or the right methods, and no nonsense. "Do you believe in that view of literature you were developing in your lecture this morning?" a Cornell student once asked me. I said that I did not, but I thought it was interesting to play with the idea a little and see where it led us. He replied, almost angrily, that if I did not believe the theory to be true I should not waste my own and the class's time discussing it at such length; it was sheer verbal gymnastics, and the students were there to *learn,* not to be played with. "Is C. S. Lewis's book on 16th-century literature a book to be read?" a graduate student asked me the other day at Indiana. I replied that it was a fresh and sometimes brilliant reading of the texts of the period, and though I quarreled sharply with some of the views expressed in it, I thought it a most stimulating book, well worth reading. "But will it give me a proper view of the period?" she persisted. "I don't know," I replied. "I'm not sure what the 'proper' view of the period is. Read it and make up your own mind about it." This answer was not regarded as satisfactory.

I often have the feeling that the American student, who works hard and learns fast, never has time to enjoy his work. I am thinking especially of those who go on to graduate study. They have learned an immense amount by the time they enter graduate school and have often surpassed in knowledge and in methodological skill their British counterparts, but they have the air of never having lived long enough with their subject. A graduate student in English literature will rush on to do research on Marvell's imagery before he is really at home in English literature and really inward with its traditions and achievements. And there will be even less likelihood of his having any true sense of European culture as a whole. The reason for this is partly, of course, that he is American and not English or Euro-

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pean, and to this extent it is unfair to take a European literature as an example. But there is another reason, too: his whole education—his *real* education, that is, which began with college—has been too rushed. No one, I might suggest in passing, ought ever to take a course in such a subject as "Masterpieces of World Literature," for one can only become acquainted with the great tradition in world literature by leisurely reading over a long period of time. It is true, as modern educational psychologists so often point out, that adults learn faster than children and that there is no point in pushing youngsters to learn over a long period of time what concentrated effort can teach them later in life. But I think there is something to be said for spreading things out,* for slow and cumulative learning. The hard-working, conscientious, somewhat puritanical American graduate student often outstrips his British opposite number at surprising speed; but in the process he grows old faster, too, and he also learns to regard his subject as a field to be covered rather than as a body of knowledge to be explored and relished.

THE dangers on the British side are, however, just as great, though different. They differ not only from the American dangers I have described but also among different British universities. For there are three main types of British universities, as distinct from each other in methods, organization, and traditions as British universities as a whole are from American universities. The three groups are: Oxford and Cambridge; the four Scottish universities; and the English universities other than Oxford and Cambridge—the so-called "provincial" universities. Oxford and Cambridge are unique in that the tutorial system rather than lecture courses provides the essential teaching, and although, at least in Cambridge, the complex relationship between the colleges and the university is showing signs of strain in some quarters, the main business of these universities remains the cultivation of the student's mind through regular discussion with a tutor or supervisor. This of course leaves the student at the mercy of the particular tutor he is landed with, and the student often has no contact at all with the most distinguished teachers of his subject in the university. The dangers of the Oxford and Cambridge system are dilettantism, a tendency, at least in arts subjects, to value a superficial "brilliance" above knowledge and deep understanding, and a disparity in tutorial possibilities. But the advantages are enormous, and my own conviction—having studied and taught at Edinburgh and Oxford, and taught at Chicago, Cornell, and Cambridge—is that it is still the best system that has been worked out.

It should be realized that the large majority of present-day students at Oxford and Cambridge as well as at other British universities have their fees and maintenance paid for by grants or scholarships of one kind or another. No one who can enter a university is now prevented by lack of means from going there. But no one who has not had the grammar school type of education can qualify for university entrance, and a pupil who has just missed qualifying for a free grammar school education at eleven plus, and whose parents are too poor to send him to a fee-paying grammar school or boarding school, may in this way be deprived of a university education. But, apart from this problem (and it is a serious one), it is true to say that the economic factor in sending one's children to a university is today less of a worry to British parents than it is to Americans.

The shifting social patterns at Oxford and Cambridge have had some interesting results. Before the war it was the regular thing for the good student to do the bulk of his reading in the vacations, and to spend his terms discussing what he had read or amusing himself. But now more and more students take jobs during vacations (not

*This may appear to contradict what I said earlier about the excessive spreading in American high school teaching, but that spreading is not the result of steady cumulative study but of scattered and fragmented study.

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during term time, which would be unthinkable, for the whole concept of university education demands that during term the student remain free to respond to all the currents flowing in a university community, of which formal teaching is only one). This means that they have not the time to do vast amounts of reading between terms, and this is shifting the whole pattern of teaching. The tendency to get by on a minimum of reading, often that done at school, and to compensate by wit and elegance for lack of knowledge, presents a real danger. To avoid that, tutors and supervisors (they are "tutors" at Oxford and "supervisors" at Cambridge) are growing more inclined to give out weekly reading assignments in the American manner.

The Scottish universities are in general organized more like the American. Teaching is done in formal lecture courses, and there is an air of serious professionalism about it. The student who takes an honors degree in English at a Scottish university is expected to plough through the whole of English literature. There is a great deal of reading of factual lectures to large classes, and a general conservatism in the form and content of the teaching. A degree in English literature at Cambridge is intended to produce a cultivated young man who has read and thought enough about a selected number of literary works to have an understanding and an appreciation of the values and varieties of literature. In Edinburgh, the objective is to train a future teacher of English, and a thorough, solid training is provided. The Cambridge degree in an arts subject is not designed primarily as a professional qualification, but at a Scottish university it is so designed.

Too much teaching at Scottish universities is plain dull. And even if the professor himself (there is only one person with the title of professor in each subject at British universities, and in Scotland and the provincial universities he runs the department) gives the large survey course to first-year students, the advantages of contact with the great man are often nullified by the routine way in which he fulfills his task. Here the liveliness and informality of American college teaching would be a welcome innovation.

The English provincial universities suffer from the fact that the best students still tend to be siphoned off to Oxford or Cambridge, and also from certain confusions about the nature and function of the teaching they provide. They fall sometimes between the two stools of Scottish professionalism and Oxford amateurism. But they have some of the best men in the country—particularly the younger men—on their staffs and, in spite of the large formal lecture course which carries much of the burden of teaching, there is often liveliness and experiment as well as a very high level of academic competence, notably in certain scientific subjects. But the shadow of Oxford and Cambridge still hangs over these universities, making both staff and students uncertain of themselves and sometimes restless and discontented. Kingsley Amis's novel *Lucky Jim* is set in a provincial university, and the masochistic clowning through which Amis reveals that the graces of the older universities are not for him betrays an almost spiteful withdrawal from "culture" that is a disturbing symptom.

FINALLY, a word about administration. Britain has always resisted the notion that university administrators should form a separate class from scholars and teachers, and has almost always drawn its heads of universities from the world of scholarship. In Oxford and Cambridge, the vice-chancellor, who is the administrative head of the university, is drawn from the heads of colleges, each one serving only for a few years. The real work of administration on the academic policy level is done by committees of members of the faculty. Details of financial administration and the execution of policy as it affects the daily routine of university life are alone in the hands of permanent administrators. No single person in any British university has the power that a college dean has in America: such power

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is vested in the hands of faculty boards. There is no such thing as a board of trustees. Government money comes to the universities through the University Grants Committee, which consists of vice chancellors of the various universities, and whose function is to get government money without government control. The device works well, and the British universities, which are extremely jealous of their independence, are proud of the machinery they have set up for getting money from the Treasury without strings. No questions about universities can be asked in Parliament because no minister is responsible for them (the Minister of Education has no responsibility for or control over the universities).

But administration by committees has some serious drawbacks. It is a heart-breaking job to carry an organizational reform through, especially in Oxford or Cambridge, because the agreement of so many diverse persons must first be secured. A few older members of committees can successfully postpone any innovation almost indefinitely. No one in Britain could possibly do the sort of thing that, say, Hutchins did at the University of Chicago. The result is that traditions are maintained and continuity preserved, but often at the price of the indefinite postponement of needed reforms and the minimizing of profitable experimentation.

The American tendency to put non-academic administrators at the head of universities seems to me dangerous, though the sheer size of many of the American universities makes some aspects at least of administration a highly technical problem. And then there is the fund-raising aspect. But most of all it seems to me that the vitality and flexibility of American universities, which are their greatest assets, are seriously threatened by the I.B.M. machine. I am astonished at the degree to which procedures are *gleichgeschaltet* in a large state university and the human element ignored in order that the machines may be kept rolling.

The chief glory of the American university lies in the fact that it is not really a university in the British sense at all, but a vast collection of educational machinery, good and bad, elementary and advanced, in which the most exciting and fruitful educational activities can go on, as well as the silliest and most useless. To it come students of every degree of ability and with all kinds of interests, and amidst all the proliferating courses and degrees each, if he is lucky, can find something to help him in one way or another. A British university, on the other hand, is an institution of higher learning intended for the minority of citizens who are interested in and can profit by higher learning. That, at least, is the ideal. Now the American system, which results from the belief that ideally every citizen should go to a university and that the university should therefore have something to offer in every sphere and at every level, needs a rigid administrative machinery to hold it together. If in the British system the high objectives of the universities are often found to be in contradiction with professional needs on the one hand, and with ideals of urbane gentlemanly culture on the other, in the American system the freedom and variety which its very lack of discrimination makes possible are threatened by growing administrative rigidity.

UNDERLYING the many differences between the educational systems of the two countries are some significant differences in social philosophy. The British believe that the function of higher education is to train an elite who will perform the most responsible and demanding tasks of the nation. The more democratic you are the more you will strive to make sure that you will choose this elite on the basis of innate ability and aptitude alone, regardless of any other consideration, economic, social, or personal. Equalitarianism is preached by a large section of the British Labor party, and it is in fact being rapidly achieved. But it is *economic* equalitarianism: Britain today is probably the country with the most economic equality in the world. You train the

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best people to do the most important jobs—but you mustn't pay them any more than you pay people with a less academic education doing more routine jobs.

In spite of the well-meant efforts of left-wing politicians and educators, some kind of social snobbery is bound to continue in England, for it is bound up with the whole concept of different education for different abilities. But this snobbery will be a matter of kind of job, kind of accent (which in England largely depends on where you are educated), and level of intellectual interest, rather than of birth, ancestry, or income. How far an elite of this kind can maintain its dominance without economic superiority or stability of social background remains to be seen.

In America, where the paradox of equality and individualism has long existed (equality demands that everybody get the same education, which is anti-individualistic, but it also demands that each person get ahead in a free enterprise economy, which produces extreme economic individualism), the relation between education and prestige is much more complicated. Suspicion of the intellectual in politics, which strikes a European as such a characteristic feature of the American scene, is bound up with the traditional national refusal to regard differences in quality of education as necessary or desirable. But as America becomes more and more the leader of the democratic world, the problem of training informed and responsible citizens to fill the crucial jobs in domestic and international affairs may well force American educators into accepting in both theory and practice greater differences in education than have hitherto been regarded as desirable.

Suspicion of the intellectual in politics is a feature of a self-contained and more or less isolated country; it may well be that America's role in world affairs today will have a greater long-term effect on the pattern of American education than any of the democratic theorists have had. It was Britain's need for an elite to run a vast empire in the 19th century that produced the basic pattern of modern British education, and America, which has taken over so many international responsibilities from the older powers, may have to modify its own educational system in order to fulfill them adequately.

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TOYNBEE: THE HISTORIAN AS FALSE PROPHET

A Failure of Conscience

WALTER KAUFMANN

ON THE heels of Toynbee's ten-volume *A Study of History*, there have appeared two volumes of criticism of that work, as well as a new book by Toynbee himself: *An Historian's Approach to Religion*.* The two books of criticism differ decisively in kind from the many critical studies which are now devoted to poets, philosophers, and theologians: they are crushing exposés.

In the first of the two, *Toynbee and History*,† a volume of collected essays, we find the staid London *Times Literary Supplement* arguing that Toynbee "frequently" relies on "radical distortion of the facts," and that his central thesis is downright absurd and "reinforced by a vast hodge-podge of subsidiary theories, arguments and explanations which are by no means always mutually compatible." Geoffrey Barraclough, who has since succeeded to Toynbee's chair of international history at Chatham House in London, attacks Toynbee's "inconsistency and his arbitrary use of historical evidence," and explicitly agrees with other scholars that Toynbee's vaunted empirical method is "mere make-believe." Barraclough also ridicules Toynbee's "hotch-potch of the platitudes of current social and political analysis, combined with wishful thinking and dubious speculations." And Hugh Trevor-Roper, the Oxford historian, concludes: "Helping out his conjuring tricks with imperfect light, distracting noises and a certain amount of intellectual hanky-panky, he pretends that he has proved what he has merely stated. This seems to me, in so learned a man, a terrible perversion of history."

Some of the Americans represented in the book take a kindlier view, and most of them hedge their strictures with tributes to Toynbee's erudition, but none of them answers these crucial charges; or, as I believe, my own critique of Toynbee as historian, scientist, poet, and theologian, which is reprinted in the same volume.§

Toynbee's fantastic treatment of the Jews, to which I had given a mere three pages, is the subject of the second book, Maurice Samuel's *The Professor and the Fossil*.** One might wonder whether there was much point in a single author's devoting a whole book to Toynbee—and, at that, a book concerned mainly with a single theme. But once you start reading Samuel there is no stopping, and once you have finished there are no regrets. Compellingly written and rich in its humanity, Mr. Samuel's work

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TOYNBEE's ideas have before this been subjected to critical scrutiny in COMMENTARY, notably in two articles by Franz Borkenau that appeared in our May 1955 and March 1956 numbers. Here WALTER KAUFMANN concentrates on Toynbee's approach to religion, and particularly his attitude toward Judaism. Mr. Kaufmann, associate professor of philosophy at Princeton, was born in Germany in 1921 and in 1939 came to this country, where he attended Williams College and Harvard. He is author of *Nietzsche* (1950), *Existentialism from Dostoevsky to Sartre* (1956), and a recently completed work tentatively titled *Critique of Religion and Philosophy;* articles by him have appeared in a number of literary and learned periodicals, including *Kenyon Review, Partisan Review,* and *Journal of the History of Ideas.*

*Oxford University Press, 318 pp., $5.00.

†Edited by M. F. Ashley Montagu, and published by Porter Sargent, Boston. Reviewed in COMMENTARY, September 1956.

§It is reprinted—unfortunately with a great many misprints—from *Partisan Review,* Fall 1955.

**Knopf, 268 pp., $4.00.

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is no mere critique, but a positive contribution to the understanding of Judaism and the Jews from Biblical times to our own. What is criticized, moreover, is so monstrous that it is good to have such an able exposure to set the record straight.

Toynbee's failure is in part a failure of *conscience*. There are many who quite fail to see this, objecting that some selection is imperative, that some mistakes are unavoidable, and that scope, originality, and human interest offer ample compensation. This is one of those half-truths with which the road to hell is paved. It is conscience alone that can raise sweep and novelty in thought above mere fantasy and daydream.

Samuel shows how Toynbee based his notoriously untruthful version of the Israeli war of independence on "the account prepared by Mr. George Kirk for the *Survey of International Affairs* and published . . . *under the editorship of Professor Toynbee*" himself, and that Toynbee used only what, taken out of context, seemed to give some substance to his theses, while he left out all the crucial points that gave them the lie. Any talk of Toynbee's erudition is irrelevant at this point. Nobody questions that. What he lacks is a scholar's conscience. When Samuel attacks Toynbee's "sanctimonious pretense at historical (and, indeed, cosmic) objectivity," and claims that what Toynbee has done is "mendacious" and "intellectually contemptible," he may seem emotional and disrespectful. But will it seem unjust to anyone who has read both Toynbee and his critic?

SHARP polemics are not popular in the United States today: witness the difference between Toynbee's critics in America and those in England (and the contrast, too, between political campaigning in the two countries: our campaigns resemble a game much more than a fight). In the United States mere corrections of errors are usually shrugged off as unimportant and questions of method are considered academic. While an avowal of agnosticism would ruin a politician's career, glaring misstatements of fact, false promises, and mendacious accusations are expected and excused. Clearly, truthfulness is considered much less important in America today than theism, success, and some semblance of charity. Toynbee possesses these three essential attributes of the politician and, like the politician, is forgiven for his lack of truthfulness.

Like the German philosopher Heidegger, Toynbee is so opposed to positivism that he no longer cares about correctness. Thus, the sixth volume of his *Study of History*, first published in 1939, contains a "Table of Universal States" in which it is maintained that Western civilization has had two different branches, and that the Western branch experienced universal peace, or as he prefers to put it, "*Pax Oecumenica* A.D. 1797-1814." But as Toynbee himself surely knows, there was scarcely a single year of peace between 1797 and 1814. The Eastern branch of Western civilization, the area of "the Danubian Hapsburg Monarchy," had its "*Pax Oecumenica* A.D. 1526-1918." I admit there is a certain boldness in the figure 1918. A more timid man might have said 1914, hoping that the reader would forget the Thirty Years War, the Seven Years War, the Napoleonic wars, and other more or less remote wars. Pieter Geyl called Toynbee's attention to these glaring errors—and a host of others—but the "Table" is reprinted without change in Volume VII, which came out in 1954.

By some strange logic, there are many people who suppose that a man who is so wrong about the past is more likely than others to be right about the future. On the jacket of Toynbee's new book Professor Allan Nevins is quoted as saying what we have indeed been told again and again: "He is more than a historian: he is a great deal of a prophet." In occasional articles no less than in his books, Toynbee himself has cultivated the impression that he can foretell the future, but he usually avoids interesting or tangible predictions—his chapter in the present book, on "The Religious Outlook in a Twentieth Century World," is a case in point—and in the early volumes of the *Study*

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of History we not only fail to find forecasts that have been fulfilled in the meantime, but we find that the author has been much less perceptive than a great many of his contemporaries. Decidedly, his was not a voice warning the world against Hitler, for example, or against the evils that have come to pass since World War II.

But perhaps Toynbee harks back to the Hebrew prophets, who were less concerned with forecasting the future than they were with the morals of their people? To be sure, Toynbee is a moralist of sorts, but he could hardly be more remote from the distinctive ethos of the prophets, who were more self-effacing than any other men of comparable stature have ever been. They disappeared completely in their messages and sacrificed their lives to them. No historian, on the other hand, has ever attached a tenth of the importance Toynbee does to the minutiae of his own life.

You need only scan the index of Volume X of the *Study*, with its two columns of amazing references to Toynbee, Arnold Joseph: ". . . critical faculty, awakening of" down to "walking, liking for." But there is no need to labor this point, since Toynbee himself clearly does not find the pre-Exilic prophets congenial: not one of the indices of his ten-volume *Study* lists a single reference to even one of them—which does not keep Toynbee from posing as an authority on Judaism or from giving the appearance that he is thoroughly at home in the Bible (from which he quotes the same passages over and over).

SURELY, Toynbee is not more than a historian. He is less than a historian, he is a symptom—a symptom of the worship of size; a symptom of the eclipse of scruple; a symptom of the contemporary hunger for vast spectacles, and for men of learning who champion at least some kind—almost any kind—of religion. Above all, Toynbee's success is a symptom of the widespread need for some assurance that history has a meaning.

Troubled by the futility of so much human suffering, by deeply ambivalent feelings about the mechanization of modern life, and by profound confusion in the face of more and more specialized experts, people long desperately for a royal road to meaning. They want to be told in a few simple words what the meaning of it all is. Thinkers who would be impeccable in their methods generally avoid this question, but there are millions who will not be put off, and these people turn to commentators, columnists, or editorials, and to popularized accounts of what has been done in specialized fields. They also turn to Toynbee. As long as there is at least some small promise of significance, people will readily put up with vagueness, inconsistencies, and errors.

If one factor more than any other accounts for Toynbee's popularity in the United States, it is surely his concern with religion —not simply the fact of his concern but, above all, the nature of it. His frequent references to God and Jesus, and the thousands of footnote references to the New Testament that record his every use of a Biblical turn of speech, assure the Christian reader that the Bible is still right. At the same time, Toynbee's growing hope for a vast syncretism in religion pleases those who feel that the one thing needful is a meeting of East and West. He makes a great show of religion, which the Hebrew prophets did not, but presses home no unequivocal or incisive demands, which the prophets did. Unlike most, if not all, of mankind's great religious figures, Toynbee makes religion *ingratiating*—as do our politicians and our most successful magazines. He offers us history, social science, anecdotes, schemes, entertainment—all this and heaven too.

An Historian's Approach to Religion sums up in less than three hundred pages what is scattered over the more than 6,000 pages of the *Study of History*. Constant references to those sections of the latter work in which "the subject of this chapter has been dealt with in greater detail" make it clear that these Gifford Lectures on religion, which he delivered at the University of Edinburgh in 1952 and 1953, are meant to represent

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the ultimate conclusions to which his vast *Study* has led him.

The author's interest is confined to six religions. Of these he says at the outset: "In the world of A.D. 1956 the greatest cultural gulf was not the rift between Judaic Western Liberalism and a Judaic Western Communism; it was the chasm between the whole Judaic group of ideologies and religions—Communism, Liberalism, Christianity, Islam, and their parent Judaism itself—on the one hand and the Buddhaic group of philosophies and religions—post-Buddhaic Hinduism, the Mahayana, and the Hinayana—on the other hand." There is nothing in the book to persuade the reader who is not content to accept this diagnosis without any argument. If anyone should wonder about the "cultural gulf" between the Western world on one side and the Arab world, or the colored peoples of Africa, or the Chinese, on the other, he will find that Toynbee has nothing to say in this connection.

Now one might expect some intensive treatment of the six religions which interest Toynbee. He might at least try to deepen our understanding of them, one by one, or three by three. Nothing of the sort is offered. It is of the essence of Toynbee's method, or rather of his lack of method, that he does not take up the six religions in turn—no more than he does the twenty-odd civilizations enumerated in his *Study*—and that he does *not* base his generalizations on induction. His whole style of thinking is inseparable from his habit of moving freely and allusively among his topics, letting words like "proved" and "must" and "therefore" do the work of demonstration. Many of his statements are not only metaphorical but qualified beyond the point of any clear meaning, and a great deal of what he says in one place he contradicts in another—to produce what Maurice Samuel politely calls "the blurring effect."

Part One, which makes up about half of Toynbee's new book, is entitled "The Dawn of the Higher Religions." He discusses this dawn without a single mention of Moses, the Upanishads, or the Bhagavad-Gita, and consequently he throws little light on the dawn of Judaism, Hinduism, or any other religion. He informs posterity: "What Man's original religion may have been is a question that was still under debate in A.D. 1956." The third sentence after this begins: "It is, indeed, conceivable that Man did not begin to worship Nature until he had begun to be able to manipulate her. . . ." And the following sentence reads in full: "The worship of Nature will have had its *floruit* in the long age during which Man felt himself to be neither wholly impotent in the face of Nature (so that it was now no longer quite useless for him to try to influence her) nor wholly master of her (so that to try to influence her was still worth his while)." Surely, this is not only conceivable, it is a truism; and we may note that the long age described by Toynbee has not ended yet, nor ever will as long as men survive. But a very large part of the book is filled with inferences of this sort, which are made to sound bold by some such phrase as "It is, indeed, conceivable"—but at the same time these phrases qualify what is said in such a way that, pressed, one simply could not say what Toynbee is trying to tell us.

The first five chapters of the book actually antedate the "dawn," and so it may be unfair to expect light and clarity from them. From "The Worship of Nature" we progress to three kinds of "Man-worship": "The Idolization of Parochial Communities," "The Idolization of an Oecumenical Community," and "The Idolization of a Self-sufficient Philosopher." Then the darkness lifts for "The Epiphany of the Higher Religions." Evidently Toynbee thinks, and would have us believe, that this was the actual sequence of events in history; but to enable us to judge if this is true or not, he ought to have demonstrated, albeit briefly, how each of his six higher religions was preceded by nature worship and then the three successive stages of "Man-worship." He attempts nothing of the kind, nor does he even try to fix an approximate date for the "dawn" of each higher religion.

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"The epiphany of the higher religions" is deduced, not demonstrated; and the deduction is characteristically unconvincing. "Human power, in all its forms, is limited and, in the last resort, illusory." Toynbee says absolutely nothing that might persuade those who do not already do so to accept the last point. "The idolatrous worship of an oecumenical state leads to a policy of keeping Suffering within bounds by force, and so to the paradox of inflicting Suffering for the sake of limiting it." What "oecumenical state" has ever shown any profound concern with the limiting of suffering? The Roman Empire? It is not discussed. Nor does Toynbee show what is paradoxical about, say, inoculating people against diseases in order to limit suffering.

This alleged paradox, however, is crucial for Toynbee's argument, which proceeds: "Since an oecumenical state is the most estimable kind of state that Man has succeeded in creating so far, the moral paradox inherent in an oecumenical state is a verdict on states of all kinds: in its worse and its better varieties alike, the state is the nemesis of Original Sin." Is it? And what does this mean? Has it been established by argument? Or is all this double-talk?

Original Sin, which is again in fashion today, is mentioned frequently in this book, but only toward the end are we told that it is merely "another name for self-centeredness." This definition is well suited to persuade us that Toynbee is an authority on this evil; but it certainly makes nonsense of the sentence that refers to the oecumenical state's attempt to limit suffering.

TOYNBEE'S main point is that "the failure of both the idolization of the self-sufficient philosopher and the idolization of the oecumenical community to meet the challenge presented by the failure of parochial-community-worship opens the way for a rejection of the worship of human power in all forms." Hence the birth of the higher religions. But instead of going on to deal with the actual origins of the higher religions, Toynbee drowns us in a flood of capital letters and rhetoric, concluding: "The infliction of such extreme suffering on the grand scale is a self-indictment of the society in which these atrocities are committed, and in the Westernizing World of the twentieth century of the Christian Era there was a subconscious self-defensive conspiracy to minimize the painfulness of deracination by the euphemism of calling the sufferers 'displaced persons.' In the Hellenic World of the fifth century B.C., Herodotus did not flinch from calling them *déracinés* outright. This has been the human seed from which the higher religions have sprung." Buddha would not seem to fit into this picture—but Toynbee explains that he became "a voluntary *déraciné*" by leaving his father's palace.

What exactly is Toynbee trying to say? Less than a page before, he has claimed that the great philosophers were "born into the middle, or even the upper, class of Society" while, "by contrast, the founders of the higher religions have mostly arisen in the ranks of the vast majority" who are *déracinés*. Now there are, according to Toynbee, only four, five, or six higher religions: Confucius is listed as a philosopher, Lao-tze is read out of history, and whether or not Judaism is a higher religion is left unclear, while Hinayana and Mahayana Buddhism are sometimes counted as one religion and sometimes as two. Is it indeed true that the founders of these four, five, or six higher religions "have mostly arisen" among the uprooted? One or two were founded by the Buddha, who "was the son of a parochial prince," and post-Buddhaic Hinduism (a very doubtful conception in any case) did not have any founder. Thus the founders of at most three out of six, or two out of five, of the higher religions were *déracinés;* Toynbee does not say which of these qualify for his word "mostly." Was Jesus *déraciné?*

If Toynbee stooped to list "the founders" of the higher religions before he generalized about them, he would save space and insure precision but, alas, destroy his thesis. He excels even professional politicians in the gentle art of saying nothing, with flamboyant rhetoric, and of stating patent false-

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hoods in a manner that prevents ready detection.

Is there really any difference along the social lines suggested by Toynbee between the great philosophers and the founders of the great religions? Or is the difference rather in their following? The word *religion,* unlike the word *philosophy,* is usually reserved for mass movements. And a mass movement, whether religious or not, depends on the adherence of the masses, including notably the lower classes. Now one may go on to ask what predisposes the masses for a mass movement, and it may well be that "displaced persons" are especially predisposed. Toynbee does not furnish much evidence one way or the other, but Eric Hoffer, in his *The True Believer: Thoughts on the Nature of Mass Movements* (Harper), has listed a great many similar factors to which "displacedness" might well be added, though hardly as either a necessary or a sufficient condition. It might also be argued, and was in fact argued at length by Nietzsche, that there are two kinds of morality and religion: the kind that develops among lower classes and the kind, like Hinduism and Buddhism, that originates among ruling classes.

Toynbee's famed erudition manifests itself not in a disciplined awareness of important studies of his subject matter by other writers—let alone rival hypotheses or facts which do not seem to fit his own account—but in a flair for quaint allusions. His method is what Stephen Potter calls "One-Upmanship." Where a red herring might be recognized and challenged, the queer fish that Toynbee introduces with an air of mildly bored authority silence all opposition—unless you either happen to know about them or have the patience to find out.

In his chapter on "The Epiphany of the Higher Religions" we encounter two typical examples of this technique. The reader who does not know Toynbee might well suppose that the following sentence came from Stephen Potter himself: "This alloy of Archaism in Futurism partly accounts for the failures of Aristonicus in a Roman Asia and of his contemporaries the insurgent Syrian slave-kings Eunus, Cleon, and Athenio in a Roman Sicily." And a little later on the same page we read: "In Jewish history the classic gentle archaist is Rabbi Johanan ben Zakkai." The reader is likely to conclude that Toynbee, even if he does not quote the pre-Exilic prophets, is at home in Talmud and Rabbinic literature. But Rabbi Johanan seems to be the only rabbi known to Toynbee. He never once refers to Hillel's teachings or Akiba's, for example; and all he knows of Rabbi Johanan is one story, which he quotes from Burkitt's book, *Jewish and Christian Apocalypses* (1914). Maurice Samuel shows that Toynbee's interpretation of the story is untenable, but charitably fails to mention that Toynbee uses it no less than nineteen times.

It is not clear what Rabbi Johanan has to do with the "epiphany" of his religion, which presumably occurred more than a thousand years before his own time. It is clear, however, that Toynbee believes that "Johanan ben Zakkai's inspiration has enabled Judaism to survive in diasporà." (The last word, which is Greek for "dispersion," shows that the "subconscious self-defensive conspiracy" which Toynbee finds behind the phrase "displaced persons" is not confined to "the twentieth century of the Christian Era," as he claims. Plainly, it goes back to the Greeks, notwithstanding the unflinching Herodotus, who, as we have seen, preferred the French term, *déracinés.* And Toynbee himself does not mind joining this conspiracy when mere fossils are concerned.)

TOYNBEE finds self-centeredness the greatest vice of man, calls it our Original Sin, and believes that the historian can help men become less self-centered. With this last point I could not agree more. Surely, a study of history may shatter our parochial prejudices by acquainting us with people and ideas quite remote from our own environment. We need not accept completely the modest but faintly ironic alternative which the great 19th-century historian Ranke, posed in the preface to his first great work: "To history has been assigned the

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office of judging the past, of instructing the present for the benefit of future ages. To such high offices this work does not aspire: it wants only to show how things actually happened." By doing just that, and no more, the historian can perform a crucial moral function and quite change our valuations.

Toynbee, however, displays a singular inability to transcend his own idiosyncrasies. The one idea which, as he sees it, he shares with the Eastern ("non-Judaic") religions is their tolerance and openness to syncretism; but this he did not learn from the Eastern religions. His tediously repetitive praise of Mahayana altruism is another instance of his willingness to praise in other religions only what he himself has believed all along. In short, Toynbee's tolerance consists in giving credit to others where they happen to agree with him. Of any serious effort to do justice to other views one finds no trace in him.

Toynbee writes as if he had accomplished some sort of Copernican revolution by discovering that world history does not revolve around one's own country; but he is much more parochial than was Ranke when he wrote that "every epoch is immediate to God." And if, as Ranke said, "the true historian . . . must feel a participation and pleasure in the particular for itself . . . [and] a real affection for this human race in all its manifold variety" while keeping clear of "preconceived ideas,"* then Toynbee is a poor historian indeed.

It may seem unfair to judge him by Ranke's standards, but these strictures really amount to an *internal* critique of Toynbee's ideas. I am appealing to standards which he professes too. Speaking, at the start of his book, of the chasm that allegedly divides the Judaic from the non-Judaic religions and ideologies, Toynbee says expressly: "In the bridging of this chasm the contemporary historian has a part to play which is as difficult as it is important. The self-correction through self-transcendence, which is the essence of his profession, no doubt always falls short of its objective; yet, even so, it is something to the good; for to some extent it does succeed in . . . widening the mental horizon of an innately self-centered living creature." And a great many more words to the same effect.

By the end of that same first chapter, we find Toynbee stubbornly resisting "self-correction through self-transcendence" when he attacks the critics of his own attempt to discover historical laws as men who have given "a superficial answer." And he offers arguments against the "historians of this antinomian Late Modern Western school" which are not only preposterous but reveal an utter failure to understand, let alone do justice to, his critics. It is this initial failure of understanding rather than the fine statement about "self-correction" that sets the tone for the rest of the book.

Surely, Toynbee would advance the cause of tolerance and self-transcendence ever so much more if he tried to give his readers an understanding of the ethos of the Hinayana and of the Hindus, of the Diaspora and of Zionism, of the early Christians and of Islam, of neo-Orthodox and Liberal Protestantism. Instead of doing all, or some small part, of this, he sits in judgment without ever questioning his own standards. He cannot refrain from airing once again his humbug about the Jews and Judaism, and he puts the Buddha in his place again and again by finding him "illogical" and "inconsistent." (Would that Toynbee himself were half so logical, consistent, and compassionate as the Buddha—and that he tried to substantiate his charge by something more than sheer repetition!) He charges Hinayana Buddhism with superficiality; he informs us that Mohammed fell into a fatal error; and he would persuade us by tireless reiteration that Mahayana Buddhism and Christianity are superior to the other high religions, not to speak of low ones. This is surely a strange triumph over one's innate self-centeredness!

Speaking of the higher religions generally, Toynbee declares that "a church's mis-

*See *The Varieties of History*, edited by Fritz Stern (Meridian Books).

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sion is to preach the gospel to every creature"; and later he tells us, still in *An Historian's Approach to Religion:* "The true purpose of a higher religion is to radiate the spiritual counsels and truths that are its essence into as many souls as it can reach, in order that each of these souls may be enabled thereby to fulfil the true end of Man. Man's true end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever." It is, among other things, according to the extent to which religions meet these stipulations that Toynbee passes judgment. Hence his approach is partisan from the outset, and that of a theologian rather than a historian. But to qualify as good theology, Toynbee's opinions would require some rational explication as well as some arguments. A good historian, on the other hand, even though he might be reluctant to go into the history of his own standards and opinions, would try to bring to life the ethos of non-missionary religions like early Hinduism and early Judaism. In doing that, he would perform a major service to theologians, philosophers, and mankind at large.

Toynbee maintains a naive, popular, pragmatic standpoint and insists on a "practical test. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'" He fails to see that the next question, even if we go along with him, is bound to be: And by what standards shall we judge the fruits? In unhesitatingly applying his own standards, he is guilty of the very parochialism which he set out to slay.

Sometimes he considers success as such an indication of superior value. No criterion could be more popular today, but few things are more unforgivable in a historian, and an avowedly religious historian at that, than the appeal to success. It is surely one of the major functions of a historian to expose the frequently unedifying causes of success with neither fear nor favor. Toynbee, on the contrary, sides with the friends of Job, inferring prior virtue from success, and guilt from suffering.

His partisanship for Christianity also leads him frequently to falsify the facts. Here is a pretty stark example: "The Christians were the only people in the Roman Empire, except the professional soldiers, who were prepared to lay down their lives for the sake of an ideal." Rather more subtle, and still more popular, are the distortions in Toynbee's account of the development of Christianity out of Judaism. Here he compounds widely accepted errors with fantastic innuendo.

> This Christian vision of God is a heritage from Israel. . . . Before Yahweh became the parochial god of a community of Nomads . . . he would appear to have been a god embodying one of the forces of Nature. Perhaps he was a volcano or perhaps the weather, to judge by the traditional account, in the Pentateuch. . . . A god who had . . . led his "Chosen People" in an aggressive war of expropriation and extermination against the inhabitants of a country that had been neither Israel's to take nor Yahweh's to give, might not seem to have been a promising medium for an approach to Reality. Yet the sufferings inflicted on Israel and Judah by Assyrian and Babylonian hands during a time of troubles that dragged on from the eighth into the sixth century B.C., inspired the Prophets to see, through the wraith of Yahweh the parochial war-god, another Yahweh who had more in common with the god in the Sun who was worshipped by Ikhnaton, Aristonicus, and Aurelian.
>
> This Atonian Yahweh was Justice and Mercy as well as Power, and his Power and Justice were . . . omnipotent, ubiquitous, impartial. . . . But the vision had still to be clarified by the further insight that the God Almighty who was Justice and Mercy was also Pity and Love; and though the greatest of the Prophets beheld Pity and Love incarnate in a Suffering Servant, it was a stumbling-block to the Jews when Christianity identified this human figure with the sublime God who had made His epiphany through Yahweh's forbidding lineaments.

Again, is this a historian's approach? Has any other historian of any repute claimed that Yahweh "was a volcano or perhaps the weather"? Does Toynbee's interpretation of the Pentateuch inspire confidence in his interpretation of other, less widely known documents? Have the five Books of Moses no moral significance whatsoever? Was Moses himself, who is altogether ignored here, nothing but "the leader of the Exodus" (as the index to Volume X identifies him)? And

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does not the last sentence of Toynbee's first paragraph give the strange impression that between the 8th and 6th century B.C.E. the Jews at last came close to catching up with the superior wisdom of such men as Aristonicus and Aurelian, who, as a matter of fact, lived many centuries later and distinguished themselves as leaders in aggressive wars?

And what sense does it make to say that the prophets stressed justice and mercy, but not pity and love? Is there some sharp distinction between mercy and pity? And is Toynbee seriously suggesting that the prophets failed to speak of love, as they did again and again? If anything can equal this succession of distortions, it is the final sentence, which somehow gives the impression that the Jews could not accept the attribution of pity and love to "the sublime God." Not even Toynbee would care to deny, I think, that what they balked at was the identification of a "human figure," whatever his qualities might be, with God. Nor do the Gospels picture Jesus as the incarnation of "Pity and Love." Indeed, the Jesus of the Gospels is not half as compassionate as Hillel or the Buddha. And is the God of hell and judgment, the God of Jesus and Augustine, of Dante and Calvin, less "forbidding" than the God of Jonah?

EVEN when it is freed from all insinuations, Toynbee's central thesis here remains highly questionable. In a footnote in the *Study* (V, 119) it is stated, unadorned: "Christianity stands, not side by side with Judaism, but on its shoulders, while they both tower above the primitive religion of Israel. . . . Before and below the Prophets, the Biblical tradition presents us with a Moses. . . ." The great popularity of this idea does not make it sound. I shall mention only a few reasons for rejecting it.

First, Toynbee accepts uncritically one of the pseudo-Darwinistic dogmas of the 19th century when he assumes without argument that religion is like science, and unlike art, in exemplifying progress. I have no doubt that in some ways it does. But if Judaism is at all like other religions, there is not only no overwhelming presumption that Moses must surely have been far inferior to the prophets, but, on the contrary, the analogy with other religions makes it probable that a towering figure, perhaps never equalled since, came at the outset. Moreover, the prophets themselves testify consistently that the morality which they proclaim is not original with them. They all say more or less what Micah says: "You have been told, O man, what is good and what the Lord requires of you."

Secondly, Toynbee's notion that one religion stands on the shoulders of another and represents, as he says at times, the culmination of its predecessor, is profoundly questionable in principle, quite apart from the case at hand. I cannot hope to resolve this problem here, but the reader might well ponder that even in the 19th century, when this idea gained popularity, both the greatest historian and the greatest Christian thinker of the age repudiated it. Kierkegaard insisted that the superiority of Christianity could not be demonstrated in this manner and that Christianity represented one alternative among others, necessitating a decision. And Ranke said that "every epoch is immediate to God."

Thirdly, Toynbee is compelled to distort facts to create even a presumption in his favor. I have in mind not only his overt distortions in the long passage cited, but also his systematic failure to acknowledge the radical discontinuity between the prophets and Jesus. The prophets were not concerned with individual salvation, they did not assume a life after death, let alone eternal damnation, and they did not address themselves to the question, "How can I enter the kingdom of heaven?" Their central theme was the will of God and social love and justice. They stressed the rights of the widow and the orphan and the stranger, and denounced injustice on the international level too: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares . . . nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Toynbee gives us no inkling of all this,

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or of the vast differences between the prophets and Aurelian, Aristonicus, and Ikhnaton, and he ignores Jesus' decisive break with this prophetic heritage. Surely, there is a very important sense in which Jesus' Gospel is self-centered and the message of the prophets is not.

ANOTHER distortion, again not confined to Toynbee, is also connected with the rise of Christianity. He argues, chiefly in Chapter Nine of the new book and in Volume VII of the *Study,* that "the translation of the gospels of Christianity and Islam into terms of Hellenic metaphysics has had awkward consequences because it ignored the distinction between two facets of Truth which cannot be focused into unity by . . . the Human Mind." These two facets are poetic truth and scientific truth.

What Toynbee recommends is this: "Strip the Christian and Islamic gospels of their incongruous and outworn Greek scientific dress; resist the temptation to put them into an alternative scientific dress of a Western cut which will also be incongruous and ephemeral; and take the truth that they express in the non-scientific poetical sense that is the natural sense in this context." This may be appealing, but Toynbee's way of putting the issue depends on a misrepresentation of the facts. He asks: "In what sense did Christians, in those very early days before the statement of Christian beliefs began to be Hellenized, mean that Jesus was the Son of God, that He rose from the dead, that He ascended into Heaven?" In other words, what was Christianity like before it became Hellenized? Everything hinges on the "before." For to what *time* exactly is Toynbee referring by "those very early days"?

He knows, of course, that the Fourth Gospel is not pre-Hellenistic. Nor can he possibly suppose that Paul's Epistles *are,* and these are commonly acknowledged to be older than the Gospels. Moreover, Toynbee himself has shown in over 150 pages, in an "Annex" to Volume VI of his *Study*—which "Annex" is much more interesting than his new book but has been generally ignored—that the story of Jesus is inseparable from Hellenistic folklore and beliefs: detail after detail in Jesus' story, and in some of his most poignant sayings, too, is shown to have been a commonplace of pre-Christian Hellenistic literature.

Reviewers have remarked on how Toynbee passed from the religion of his fathers in the first six volumes of the *Study of History* to religious syncretism in the last four, but not one review that I have seen has called attention to this "Annex" (in those days he still spelled it without the final "e"), which seems to me to account for the change. (This does not preclude that his divorce may also have influenced his estrangement from Anglo-Catholicism.)

Toynbee lost the faith of his fathers and his belief in the uniqueness of Jesus when he discovered that Christianity itself was syncretistic. But if Christianity was the result of syncretism, how could it now shut itself off against a further, worldwide syncretism?

Toynbee fails to grasp two crucial consequences from which, on his own showing, he cannot escape. He cannot continue to cling to the popular idea that its Hellenic dress and everything that appears theological in it was added to Christianity at a relatively late date. This is a prejudice of many Protestants who recall that Luther had no patience with Aquinas or Aristotle and tried to go back to original Christianity. But Luther's original Christianity was profoundly Hellenic, as is evidenced, briefly, by his repeated estimate that "the evangelist John is a master above all the other evangelists" and "that he alone might well deserve to be called an evangelist." Toynbee has to face the question whether it was not Hellenism rather than any higher morality that led to Christianity's break with Judaism. For according to the Book of Acts in the New Testament, it was the Christians who broke with Judaism, and did so long after the time of the crucifixion. Toynbee rejects and ridicules theology, but he should ask whether the crucial beliefs which distinguished the Christians in those days, and ever since, or

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at least until about one hundred years ago, were un-theological.

Toynbee's attempt to demythologize religion assumes, moreover, without argument, that the Christian beliefs—of which he himself has shown that many are encountered widely in pre-Christian literature in connection with different pagan heroes—have a hard core. He assumes further that there is some univocal core not only of Christianity, but of religion in general, which can be variously translated. This assumption is gratuitous and, I think, false.

Even if Micah's famous words, "only to do justice and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God," were the essence of Judaism and all the rest were a mere mistranslation of this essence, this is certainly not the essence of Christianity: else, as Paul told the Galatians, "Christ has died in vain." Surely, Paul's theology is not a misguided attempt to translate the Hebrew prophets' concern with social justice into his own vernacular. Surely, the attempt to fight social injustice is not only not a part of Buddhism—Hinayana, Mahayana, or Zen—but incompatible with the ethos of Buddhism. Where, then, is the core of "Mankind's Religious Heritage"?

Toynbee's attempt to disengage "the Essence from the Non-essentials in Mankind's Religious Heritage" is another instance of how he takes up a popular idea without in the least illuminating it. He glosses over the differences between the world's religions and gives the impression that these differences are merely quantitative, allowing us to arrange the great religions in a hierarchical scale, with the Mahayana and Christianity at the top. The price these religions have to pay for this singular honor, however, is that they cease to be themselves: indeed, Toynbee flays them alive, as Rabbi Akiba was flayed by the Romans (although we have seen that, according to Toynbee, the Christians had a monopoly in the Roman Empire on dying "for the sake of an ideal"). Toynbee would skin the great religions as one peels an onion (his own metaphor). Only that one notion in each which meets with Toynbee's favor may remain. The rest is mistranslation.

The "Christian-Mahayanian vision" has, Toynbee thinks, "brought to light something else in God's nature and action which, in the vision of the other three religions [I am not sure which three qualify for second honors at this point], is perhaps latent but is not explicit. Both Christianity and the Mahayana hold that a super-human being has demonstrated His love for human beings in action, and this at the cost of the suffering that is inseparable from being a self."

The religions that receive only a B from Professor Toynbee might well argue that Christianity and the Mahayana are here guilty of a mistranslation and express a worthwhile point in faulty language, inasmuch as they take poetry for history. Actually, there is a huge difference in this respect between Christianity and Buddhism which Toynbee glosses over because it does not fit into his argument.

Is Toynbee justified in rebuking the Jews again and again for rejecting the teachings of the early Christians, who, if he is right, were guilty of mistaking poetry for fact? Why does he find such harsh words for the Jews throughout their history, while he is so lenient with the Crusades and the Inquisition and the Christian emphasis on dogma, faith, and sacraments? Why, in his redundant homilies on suffering, is he so unwilling to show some compassion for the religion whose members have suffered by far the most for their religion? He seems often to side with those who deny charity only to those who need it, show it only where it will attract attention, and above all like to *talk* of it.

IT WOULD, of course, be wrong to claim that there is nothing good in Toynbee's work or in his latest book. R. H. S. Crossman said in a review in the London *New Statesman*, evidently not entirely aware of the full implications of his judgment: "Far the most valuable part of this book is the series of lengthy Annexes" with their copious quota-

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tions from John Locke and Thomas Sprat. The quotations from Bayle might be added to the list. It may be, as Crossman seems to think, that by bringing such passages to the attention of his large audience Toynbee has struck a blow for tolerance, enlightenment, and—against traditional Christianity. Similarly, Toynbee's repeated references to Mahayana Buddhism, though not at all enlightening to the scholar—on the contrary—may make a large public aware of a religion whose very name they had not heard before. Toynbee's discussion of essentials and non-essentials, although exasperating to philosophers and theologians and almost anyone else who has reflected on these subjects, may make a few hundred thousand people conscious of a problem. And so forth.

It would be easy to add further points of the same kind, but this is to my mind faint praise indeed. We should not hesitate to say as much for our most popular magazines. Indeed, that is what people say who would defend comic-book editions of the classics: having read *Hamlet* in this fashion, many who would not have dreamt of reading it in the original will probably go on to read it. Will they? And will Toynbee's readers go on to think seriously about the problems mentioned and eventually forget his errors? Surely, this is wishful thinking.

If these comparisons seem invidious, the reader would do well to ask if Toynbee's work is not insidious. It is entertaining and seems instructive, but it really is not instructive because it is utterly unreliable. It is ingratiating and seems religious, but genuine religion is never ingratiating. It is moralistic and preaches tolerance and ridicules parochialism, but it is full of parochial prejudices, deeply intolerant, and betrays a shocking lack of scruple.

Many people suspect all criticism of Toynbee. Why? First, because some feel, as Toynbee does, that success is a proof of virtue. They overlook the fact that Toynbee's huge success is confined to this country, where public opinion is heavily influenced by magazines with staff-written reviews and huge pictorial displays. (In England, as I pointed out in the beginning, the situation is very different.) Second, Toynbee seems to be religious without being a fanatic, and there is a widespread feeling that this makes a man immune to criticism. Third, and most important, there are few who have read his major work. Those who have read only the one-volume abridgement, which established his success in the United States, assume that everything is proved in the ten volumes. Many critics who have checked some sections only in the large work and found Toynbee open to a vast number of criticisms think the other parts are surely better and wind up their criticisms with a tribute to his scope and erudition. In his new book, Toynbee gives the impression throughout that the theses he advances have all been proved in his big *Study*. Those equipped to criticize his history think that in view of his success he must be a superior theologian or, as we have seen, a prophet.

I have argued here and elsewhere against Toynbee as a theologian and as a historian, as a scientist and as a poet. But if anyone seriously thinks that Toynbee is a prophet, let him consider whether he may not be one of the false prophets, of whom there is never a dearth. He offers us more than we have any right to ask and yet demands nothing from us and, alas, too little from himself. It is unlikely that many Jews, Moslems, or Buddhists will accept him. And Christian readers would do well to think about these words of Jesus: "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing."

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THE STRANGE CASE OF HIMMLER'S DOCTOR

Felix Kersten and Count Bernadotte

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

FELIX KERSTEN was Heinrich Himmler's personal doctor during the Second World War; he has also been decorated for outstanding services to humanity during the same period. This combination of activities might well seem a paradox; and since paradox naturally generates controversy, Kersten has been the center, since the war, of a good deal of controversy—from which, however, he has at last emerged triumphant. Since historical accident drew me into this controversy, and human interest prevented me from dropping it till I had satisfied myself on every point, I may claim an intimate knowledge of the matter, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to publish the facts.

First, how did Kersten achieve the strange position of Himmler's doctor—and indeed more than doctor, for he was, as he has himself admitted, almost a "father-confessor" to that terrible ogre of the Third Reich. It is a cosmopolitan story, for Kersten is a cosmopolitan figure—at least a North European cosmopolitan. A Balt of Germanic origin, born in Estonia in 1898, and therefore originally a Russian subject, he fought in 1918 as a volunteer in the Finnish war of liberation against Russia. In 1920 he became a Finnish subject. Thereafter he studied manual therapy in Berlin under a famous Chinese specialist, Dr. Ko, and quickly became himself one of the most successful practitioners of this unorthodox but valuable art. His professional success began in Germany, where the aristocracy and the plutocracy of the 1920's alike resorted to him; but since both these classes are international, their patronage soon carried him abroad. Thus, among the aristocracy, Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg passed him on to his brother, Prince Hendrik, the husband of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. This was one of the most important incidents in Kersten's career, for in time he became a member of the Prince's household and made his home in Holland.

But he practiced in Germany too, and there another recommendation led to even greater consequences. This time it came from the plutocracy. In March 1939 his patient, Dr. August Diehn, president of the German Potassium Syndicate, approached Kersten with a peculiarly urgent request. "Herr Kersten," he said, "I have never asked a favor from you before; now I have one to ask. Will you examine Heinrich Himmler? I think you would find him an interesting patient. Besides, if you succeed with him, you may do us a great service. Perhaps you can persuade him not to nationalize private industry."

Kersten examined Himmler. He found that he suffered from intestinal spasms, causing great pain, sometimes unconsciousness. Hitherto doctors had treated him with narcotics and injections, but without effect. Kersten treated him manually and the result was astonishing: in five minutes the pain was relieved. Himmler was delighted: he begged Kersten to remain in personal attendance upon him; but Kersten refused. The war had not yet broken out; Himmler was not yet able to command; he was there-

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H. R. TREVOR-ROPER, the well-known historian of *The Last Days of Hitler* (1947), here searches out another mystery of Nazi times. The present article forms, with some changes, the introduction to *The Kersten Memoirs 1940-1945*, which Macmillan is bringing out this month. Mr. Trevor-Roper lectures in history at Oxford. His most recent article in COMMENTARY was "The 'Mystery' of Hitler's Death" (July 1956).

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fore forced to remain as merely one of those German patients whom Kersten would attend in the course of his regular professional visits to Germany from his base in Holland.

Such at least was the intention: the issue was different. For by next spring—the spring of 1940—when Kersten visited Germany, a state of war existed, and it was while Kersten was actually in Berlin that the German armies suddenly invaded Holland and cut off his retreat. The Dutch royal family fled to England. It was therefore with all the advantages of power, and against a background of threats, that Himmler now repeated his demands to Kersten. Faced with the alternative of the court or the concentration camp, Kersten chose freedom: he became the personal medical advisor to the Grand Inquisitor of the Third Reich: the extraordinary part of history began.

To us, living and having always lived in a liberal society, the position of court doctors in the Third Reich must always seem extraordinary. What power was wielded, at Hitler's court, by his doctors, what vertiginous politics surrounded them, what devouring intrigues divided them! I have described elsewhere those strange events, which Bormann's letters, written from the very center of the court, have since vividly illustrated.[1]* Himmler's court was hardly different; nor is the explanation really so far to seek. All tyrants, isolated in dangerous eminence—especially if they are, like Himmler, fundamentally weak men—require confidants whom (perhaps wrongly) they suppose to be outside the vortex of political rivalry around them. Court fools, astrologers, priests, mistresses—all these have filled a classic role in the past. The modern valetudinarian despots have given the same role to their doctors. Hitler relied on Morell and (until he was ruined by Morell) Brandt; Himmler upon Gebhard and Kersten. To him Kersten, upon whom he became more and more dependent, was always "my good Dr. Kersten," "the magic Buddha" (as he described him to Count Ciano) "who cures everything by massage";[2] he addressed him in almost tender terms, allowed him great liberties, listened calmly to the most outrageous requests; and Kersten, holding as he did the keys of physical salvation, became to Himmler the all-powerful confessor who could manipulate at will the conscience as well as the stomach of that terrible, impersonal, inhuman, but naive, mystical, credulous tyrant of the New Order.

*Numbered footnotes appear at the end of this article.

How did Kersten use these extraordinary opportunities? The facts are now well attested. Thousands of Dutchmen, Germans, Jews, and indeed others owe their survival to his intercession. All who sought respite for doomed men and women learned gradually where it was most useful to turn. The Finnish legation in Germany used him to rescue Norwegian and Danish prisoners;[3] the World Jewish Congress credits him with the rescue of 60,000 Jews;[4] particularly he devoted himself to the interests of Holland which, before the war, had become his real home. Thus in 1941 Hitler proposed to transport up to three million "irreconcilable" Dutchmen to Polish Galicia and the Ukraine and referred the execution of the proposal to Himmler. Fortunately Himmler happened at that time to be in a low state of health and particularly dependent on Kersten. Kersten persuaded him that the additional strain on his health of carrying out so vast an operation might well be fatal. The operation was therefore postponed till after the war. Himmler afterwards regretted his weakness in this matter. The Führer's decision, he sadly admitted, had been right; its postponement "was all the fault of my wretched health and the good Dr. Kersten."[5]

Of course this loophole in the system of terror was noted at Himmler's court. Some, the more liberal—for even at Himmler's court there were some relatively liberal men, officials who obeyed orders without much conscience indeed but without any positive desire for blood—took advantage of it: Himmler's secretary, Rudolf Brandt, for instance, and his chief of intelligence, Walter

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Schellenberg. These men continually referred the cases of condemned men to Kersten as the only man who could cause a sentence to be reversed or suspended. Others, of course, held the opposite view—particularly Ernst Kaltenbrunner, the Austrian thug who controlled, under Himmler, all security in the Reich. Kaltenbrunner would gladly have seen Kersten liquidated; but Kersten's position with Himmler was too strong. As Himmler once said to Kaltenbrunner, "If Kersten is bumped off, you will not survive him by twenty-four hours." So the loophole continued to leak; the gas-chambers and the firing-squads were quietly cheated; and Himmler himself saw perfectly well what was happening, but could do nothing: "Kersten massages a life out of me," he once said, "with every rub."[6]

By 1943 Kersten's empire over the mind of Himmler was so complete that he decided to emancipate himself from that too exclusive dependence upon him to which the war had condemned him. Since Holland no longer existed, he sought for another neutral state in Northern Europe and told Himmler that he now wished to move his home and family to Sweden. Himmler was dissatisfied: he did not wish to lose Kersten. But by now it was not Himmler who could threaten: the personal relationship between the two men had changed since 1940; and when Kersten gave Himmler the choice of never being visited by him again or of being visited occasionally from Sweden, Himmler resigned himself reluctantly to the second alternative. In 1943, therefore, Kersten, while keeping the German property, Gut Hartzwalde, which he had bought in 1934 with his blocked German earnings, moved his base to Stockholm. This move marked another important stage in his career: it made him the agent of the Swedish government in its humanitarian work at the close of the war, and, indirectly, it led to the attempts which have since been made to transfer to others the credit for his work.

Kersten's first important work for Sweden[7] consisted in his long and ultimately successful battle to save the lives of seven Swedish businessmen, representatives of the Swedish Match Syndicate, who had been arrested by the Germans in Warsaw on a charge of espionage. It was the Berlin lawyer, Dr. Langbehn—afterwards executed as an anti-Nazi—who first suggested to the company's representatives in Berlin that Kersten "would probably contrive to massage the men out"; and sure enough, in the end, Kersten secured the release of all of them, including four who had been condemned to death, and in December 1944 he was allowed to take the last three of them back to Sweden with him as a personal "Christmas present" from Himmler.[8] In the early stages of these negotiations Kersten became personally acquainted with the then Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, Herr Christian Günther, and from that time he became an agent of Günther in Swedish humanitarian work in Germany. In the winter of 1944-45, when the defeat of Germany seemed at last imminent, this Swedish intervention became of international significance.

For what, in the last convulsions of Nazi Germany, would be the fate of occupied Scandinavia—of Denmark and Norway? Hitler had ordered the German armies to fight to the end everywhere. Could Sweden, the only neutral Scandinavian power, see her neighbors thus uselessly destroyed? And what would be the fate of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners—including Danes and Norwegians—in German concentration camps? Hitler had given orders that on the approach of the Allied armies all concentration camps were to be blown up and their inmates slaughtered. Policy and humanity alike required that Sweden intervene to prevent such useless destruction, such insensate murder. But where could such intervention be made? Where indeed but at the court of Himmler, the only alternative to the court of Hitler. Hitler ordered, but it was Himmler who executed—or stayed the execution; and to the ear of Himmler, Günther now had a direct private line in the person of Felix Kersten.

Thus the plan was made, in Stockholm,

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between Günther and Kersten and, after long preparation, Kersten duly presented himself to Himmler in Germany to see whether the tyrant, in the last days, would heed the voice of prudence and persuasion. Would he, asked Kersten, allow all Scandinavian prisoners to be sent to Sweden and be interned there? No, said Himmler, that was too difficult. Then would he, asked Kersten, allow all Scandinavian prisoners to be concentrated in one camp from which, if necessary, they could be transported to Sweden? To this Himmler agreed—provided that Sweden, not Germany, were responsible for supplying the transport for their removal.

He agreed to allow into Germany—secretly of course—up to a hundred and fifty omnibuses to transport the prisoners to Sweden. Apart from the Danish and Norwegian prisoners, Himmler further promised, as a personal gift to Kersten, the lives of 1,000 Dutch women, 1,500 French women, 500 Polish women, and 400 Belgians, provided he could obtain asylum for them in Sweden, and 2,700 Jews to be transported to Switzerland. The prisoners for Sweden would be concentrated in the camp at Neuengamme. This agreement between Himmler and Kersten was made on 8th December, 1944, and confirmed in writing on 21st December. On 22nd December Kersten arrived back in Sweden and reported to Günther the barely hoped for success of his mission.

All that remained to do was to send the omnibuses. By February 1945 this had been arranged. A column of a hundred omnibuses of the Swedish Red Cross was marshaled and set out for Germany. These were known as "the white buses"; they were under the command of Colonel (now General) Gottfried Björk; and they were accompanied by the vice president of the Swedish Red Cross, an important social figure whom Kersten now, at Günther's request, announced by telephone to Himmler, Count Folke Bernadotte.

Folke Bernadotte played so large and, it will seem to some, so surprising a part in the rest of this story that it seems necessary to pause and forestall any possible misunderstanding. Since he is dead and cannot answer any charge, it is important that he should not be hastily accused or his motives rashly imputed. Nevertheless, the facts, amply documented, are clear. They show that he first sought to fill a larger role than had been assigned to him, and that afterwards, in a foolish attempt to monopolize the glory of the achievement, he allowed himself to claim a position which could only be defended by unfortunate exhibitionism and unfair persecution.

How an essentially honorable man allowed himself to slide into such courses can only be surmised. Possibly to an energetic, if not very intelligent, man the position of a mere ambassador seemed inadequate. Possibly to a naive, rather vain man, unaccustomed to delicate and complex negotiations, his own part genuinely seemed more important than it was. Possibly there were many in Sweden who, uneasily conscious of an inglorious neutrality during the war, were only too eager to build up a Swedish prince as hero of the peace. And it should be remembered that many of Himmler's court, apprehending an early day of judgment, were only too eager to clutch at the visiting Folke Bernadotte, the kinsman of the neutral King of Sweden, as a future patron and protector whose vanity it was worth their while to flatter, and by flattery to delude. At all events, whatever the motives which led him afterwards to make his improper claims, Count Bernadotte paid dearly for them. But for the self-glorifying myth which he manufactured, it is unlikely that he would ever have been chosen as UN mediator in the Arab-Jewish war of 1948, or fallen in Palestine a premature victim of the assassin's bullet.

I HAVE called Bernadotte a "mere ambassador." By this I mean that although he was empowered to discuss matters of detail with Himmler, he had no power to initiate or negotiate policy. Indeed, there was no policy left for him to initiate or to negotiate, for it had already been initiated by Günther and negotiated with Himmler by Kersten.

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Nevertheless, through Bernadotte's ignorance of policy, or perhaps through lack of clarity in explaining it to him, misunderstandings soon arose. For since his treaty with Himmler of 8th December, Kersten had been making, in concert with Günther, further arrangements.

In particular, he had promised the Swedish branch of the World Jewish Congress to secure the release to Sweden, if possible, of a further 3,500 Jewish prisoners. To this Himmler had agreed, but suddenly Bernadotte (to the surprise of Himmler and dismay of Kersten) refused to handle non-Scandinavian prisoners. In the end, however, after a visit by Kersten to Günther in Stockholm, these difficulties were all overcome,[9] and on 21st April Kersten's work for the Jews culminated in one of the most ironical incidents in the whole war: the secret meeting, at Kersten's house Hartzwalde, between Himmler, the arch-persecutor of the Jews, and Norbert Masur, a member of the Board of the Stockholm branch of the World Jewish Congress, whom Kersten had personally brought from Sweden for that purpose.

That astonishing interview has been described elsewhere, by Masur himself;[10] in it the last details were arranged; and two hours later Himmler told Bernadotte that the Jews were free to go to Sweden—"I have promised my good Dr. Kersten and I must keep my promise; besides I have fixed all the details with Herr Masur"; and Bernadotte duly took them and was presented by a rabbi in Stockholm with a laudatory scroll.[11]

It is important to note that although Bernadotte seems to have been understood by Himmler as using the language of anti-Semitism—which may have been a tactical necessity—there is no reason to suppose that his motive in refusing to take the Jews was anti-Semitic. Indeed the evidence points in the other direction, for Bernadotte also refused to take French and Polish prisoners. It seems that he genuinely misunderstood his instructions, thinking that he was only authorized to take Scandinavians.

Meanwhile, on 12th March Kersten had completed Günther's program by signing another treaty with Himmler. By this treaty[12] Himmler undertook not to carry out Hitler's order to blow up the concentration camps on the approach of the Allied armies, but to surrender them, under the white flag, with all their inmates, and to stop all further execution of Jews. Finally, on the night of 21st-22nd April, Himmler asked Kersten to forward an offer of surrender to the Allies. Kersten declined to meddle in politics and referred him to Bernadotte, who duly passed the message on to Stockholm.

Thus, in the last weeks of the Third Reich, the policy whereby so many lives were saved was the policy of the Swedish government; the essential negotiator, but for whose influence that policy could not have been made effective, was Felix Kersten; the Jews owe a considerable debt to the intervention of Hr. Masur; Count Bernadotte could claim the honorable role of an instrument chosen to supply the technical but also essential means of execution.

UNFORTUNATELY Bernadotte was not content with this role. No sooner was the war over than he was suddenly thrust before the public as the man who, on his own initiative, had both conceived and executed the whole plan. He alone, it was stated, by facing the hitherto implacable Himmler in his den, had managed the tyrant and, by managing him, rescued Jews and Gentiles from death in the concentration camps. He was even credited with having ended the war. He was hailed as the Prince of Peace, the savior, and, after his death, the martyr of humanity. Much of this deplorable ballyhoo is not his responsibility. It would be unfair, for instance, to blame him for the inspired hagiography which, since his death, has only made him undeservedly ridiculous; but he cannot disclaim the three books which he himself wrote, the first of which, more than anything else, provided the nucleus of the legend.

This book was entitled, in Swedish, *Slutet*—in the English version, *The Fall of the*

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Curtain—and one of the most interesting facts about it is the speed with which it was produced. In spite of a disarming preface in which Bernadotte declared that it was only with great reluctance that he had yielded to the pressure of friends and consented to write this account of his actions, the book appeared in the shops within six weeks of the events it described. Further, large parts of it had been ghost-written, at high speed, by Himmler's former chief of intelligence, Walter Schellenberg, who, at the end of the war, had taken refuge in Bernadotte's house in Stockholm and who (since he had a war crime on his conscience[13]) was eager to deserve Swedish protection.

In fairness to Schellenberg it should be noted that in his draft (of which he still had a copy in his possession when he was finally surrendered to the Allies) some credit was given to Kersten and Masur for their work in the last days. Only from Bernadotte's final version were both these names altogether omitted. Even Günther, the Foreign Minister who had conceived the plan, received no recognition in Bernadotte's book. In that book the whole operation was presented as the conception and achievement of one great humanitarian, Folke Bernadotte.[14]

It seems that Count Bernadotte himself expected some opposition to his claims, for according to Kersten, one or two days before the appearance of the book he received a telephone call from Bernadotte advising him, somewhat bluntly, not to make any adverse comments on the forthcoming work if he did not wish to be sent back, as a Finnish subject, to Finland—then under Communist regime.

I would not mention this detail, since it comes from Kersten himself who may perhaps have misunderstood Bernadotte's drift, were it not that it is partly confirmed by Schellenberg, to whom Bernadotte declared the same afternoon that he had given Kersten a "knock-out blow" by telephone, and by an affidavit from the former Dutch ambassador in Stockholm, the Baron van Nagell, to whom Kersten promptly appealed for support. Baron van Nagell at once obtained an assurance from Günther that Kersten would never be molested. He also called personally on Bernadotte. "I was only allowed to see him for five minutes in the Swedish Red Cross Office," he writes, "but that was enough. I quickly reminded him that Dr. Kersten had done all the work and that he [Bernadotte] had only been charged by the Swedish government to transport the released prisoners to Sweden. Finally Count Bernadotte had to admit that the rescue, ascribed to him alone, actually had two phases: first, the release of the prisoners from the camps in Germany, which was achieved by Dr. Kersten alone; and secondly, his [Bernadotte's] transport of the released prisoners."[15]

Unfortunately a private verbal admission, however welcome, cannot effectively cancel a public and written claim contained in a best-selling book translated into a dozen languages. And unfortunately it must be added that this is not the only instance in which Bernadotte sought to prevent the publication of any version of these events except his own.

This public theft of the credit for his secret services was soon followed, for Kersten, by a more material blow. To protect himself against the possibility of extradition (which perhaps he overrated) Kersten soon afterward applied for Swedish citizenship, and his application was strongly supported by Hr. Günther, the one man who really knew about his secret work for Sweden. A correct understanding of Kersten's humanitarian work was important, Günther wrote, "since a number of earlier descriptions, especially of the relief work among concentration-camp prisoners, have given—unconsciously no doubt—incorrect proportions to the achievements of the various actors."

Unfortunately for Kersten, in July 1945 the coalition government of which Günther was a minister fell from power in Sweden, and the new rulers of the Foreign Office adopted a different attitude towards the inconvenient foreign agent of their predeces-

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sors. According to later revelations by the Swedish press[16] they refused even to reimburse Kersten his traveling expenses to and from Germany on behalf of the Swedish government, and these had to be met by private subscription. And Kersten's application for Swedish citizenship, in spite of Günther's support, was suddenly, at the last minute, refused.[17] It had become clear, the Dutch information officer in Sweden wrote to his headquarters soon after the change of government, that "Kersten's presence will be tolerated by the Swedes only if he keeps himself in the background."[18]

Thus the name of the inconvenient Kersten was thrust back into obscurity and the genuine merits of Count Bernadotte were altogether buried behind the romantic myth of the national hero, which the irreversible machine of high-powered publicity was now thrusting before the world. It seemed that the truth would never emerge. For who knew the truth? A few Swedes—but how could they now resist the great name of Bernadotte in which so much national capital had been sunk? A few Germans, but why should they advertise the fact that they had been Himmler's councillors? A few Jews—but in September 1948 Bernadotte was brutally murdered by Israeli extremists and a sense of guilt inhibited that nation from seeming, by however light or relative a censure, retrospectively to justify the crime. Fortunately there was a fourth category of those who knew the facts. In Holland there are no such inhibitions; and so it was in Holland that the truth ultimately began to emerge.

In 1948 murmurs of the injustice done to Kersten reached the Dutch government, and at the instance of Professor N. W. Posthumus, the distinguished economic historian who was then director of the Dutch Institute of War Documentation, a special commission, consisting of one historian and two members of the Dutch Foreign Office,[19] was set up to inquire into the facts of Kersten's work during the war. Having collected, tested, and examined numbers of witnesses and hundreds of documents, the commission made its report in 1949.

This report, which has been invaluable to me in my researches into the same subject, proved all the charges made against Kersten —charges of having been a Nazi, or of having made financial profit out of his rescue work—to be malicious and untrue, and established the fact that Kersten had saved thousands of lives of all nationalities, on numerous occasions and at great personal risk and expense, besides saving Dutch people from transportation, Dutch art treasures from confiscation, and Dutch cities and installations (the City of The Hague and the Zuyder Zee dam) from destruction. In consequence of this report which was at first kept secret but has since been released, Kersten was made a Grand Officer of the Order of Orange-Nassau, receiving the insignia from Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands in August 1950.

In Sweden, committed to a rival version of the facts, this foreign recognition made at first little impact. The Dutch report received there no publicity. A copy of it sent with a personal letter to the new Swedish Foreign Minister, Herr Oesten Undén, was not acknowledged. In 1952 Kersten's application for citizenship was again rejected. In 1952 therefore, having myself by this time made extensive independent inquiries, I decided to publish the facts. This I did in an article in the American magazine *Atlantic Monthly* for January 1953.

This article, which for the first time stated the facts about Bernadotte's attempt to monopolize the credit, created something of a sensation in Sweden, and the Swedish Foreign Office was moved to issue an official communiqué upon it. The communiqué denied some of my conclusions, but as it quoted no evidence of any kind, only darkly hinting at papers among the archives of the Foreign Office, I do not regard it as convincing.[20]

Shortly afterwards, however, a document was published which, being a year old, may well have been the basis of the communiqué, as it also appears to have been the justifica-

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tion for the refusal of Kersten's citizenship in 1952. This was a *pro-memoria* on the case of Dr. Kersten written by Dr. Uno Willers, who, at the time of writing, had been head of the Swedish Foreign Office Archives: an extraordinary document which simply repeats, without evidence, all the old charges already disproved in detail by the Dutch Parliamentary Commission. Its intellectual character is sufficiently shown by its statement that Kersten's "fascist tendencies" are proved by his participation in the Finnish war of liberation of 1918. Professor Posthumus, in a reply to Dr. Willers, had no difficulty in disposing of such rubbish.[21] Point by point he traced Dr. Willers's allegations to their sources and proved their falsity, and he even showed that the Swedish archivist, in his zeal to discredit certain documents, had been misled by an inability to distinguish between original documents and carbon copies.

Even in Sweden this grotesque document only brought the Ministry into contempt. Five members of the Riksdag challenged the government on its treatment of Kersten, roundly declaring that it had refused citizenship to a public benefactor on the basis of a worthless and malicious compilation. On 29th April, 1953, a stormy debate took place in the Riksdag in the course of which the Swedish government's treatment of Kersten was roughly criticized as small-minded and ungrateful. Six months later the government yielded. On 30th October, 1953, Felix Kersten was admitted to Swedish citizenship. Truth had triumphed over slander.[22]

Such, in brief outline, is the story of Felix Kersten and the work for humanity which he contrived to perform as a foreigner, without any power except the power of physical and intellectual manipulation, at Himmler's headquarters. No man's story would seem at first sight less credible, and most of those who have first heard it—including Professor Posthumus himself, the inspirer of the Dutch commission—have greeted it with skepticism; but no man's story has undergone a more searching scrutiny. It has been examined by scholars, lawyers, and hostile politicians. And it has emerged triumphant. Human memory and human judgment are always fallible, but as far as honesty of purpose and authenticity of documentation are concerned I am pleased to support with such authority as I possess the accuracy of the memoirs of Felix Kersten.

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1. *The Last Days of Hitler*, 2nd ed., 1950, pp. 65-79; *The Bormann Letters* (1954) *passim*.
2. Ciano, *Diary*, 7th October, 1942.
3. Affidavits by Henrik Ramsay (Finnish Minister for Foreign Affairs, 1943-4), 13th June, 1949, and by Professor T. M. Kivimäki (Finnish Minister to Berlin, 1940-4), 5th December, 1948.
4. Memorandum of World Jewish Congress (Qd. A. Spivak & G. Storch), Stockholm, 18th June, 1947.
5. Report of Dutch Parliamentary *Enquête-commissie*, 1950; since confirmed by depositions of Ludwig Pemsel, 27th March, 1952, and Major-General Franz Muller-Dachs, 28th September, 1949. The plan to colonize the Ukraine with Dutchmen in 1941 is confirmed by Hitler's *Table-Talk* (1953), p. 25.
6. Interrogation of Fräulein Schienke (Schellenberg's secretary) in England, 19th December, 1945.
7. The first approach by Sweden to Kersten had already been made by the Swedish ambassador in Berlin, Herr Richert, in the summer of 1942.
8. The best, because reluctant, testimony to Kersten's work in this matter is contained in the record of the trial at Nuremberg of Walter Schellenberg. Schellenberg tried to claim that it was he who had saved the men, but as the witnesses were examined it became clear (as the Court observed) that their rescue was really the work of the then completely unknown Dr. Kersten.
9. At a meeting at the Swedish Foreign Office on 27th March, 1945, as confirmed by an official minute kindly quoted to me by Herr Aström, counsellor of the Swedish embassy in London.
10. Norbert Masur, *En Jude talar med Himmler* (Stockholm, 1945). Some difference of opinion has since arisen between Dr. Kersten and Herr Masur as to the relative importance, in connection with the release of the Jews, of Himmler's promises to Kersten before 21st April and his agreement with Masur on that date. After a careful study of the contemporary Swedish, Jewish, and Dutch evidence available to me, and an interesting discussion wth Herr Masur, I think it safe to conclude that Himmler undoubtedly made general promises to Kersten in March 1945, but that it needed Masur's bold personal visit to bring these promises into clear practical form.

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11. Bernadotte's initial refusal to take non-Scandinavian prisoners is confirmed by an affidavit by Gottlob Berger, Himmler's chief of staff, of 26th May, 1952. I have seen what purports to be a copy, made by Rudolph Brandt, Himmler's secretary, of a very explicit private letter of 10th March, 1945, from Bernadotte to Himmler on this subject; but since its authenticity cannot be proved, I prefer to disregard it for the time being. According to Berger, Bernadotte sent private letters (i.e. not on Red Cross notepaper and presumably not filed in the Red Cross files) to Himmler, and these letters were not among those which Himmler is known to have destroyed. If so, the originals may turn up among Himmler's papers now in America.

12. Of which a carbon copy survives and has been authenticated by the Dutch *Enquête-commissie*. The original was seen by Baron van Nagell, to whom Kersten showed it in Stockholm on 23rd March, 1943. Baron van Nagell has testified as to its form and contents.

13. In 1939 Schellenberg, as a Gestapo officer, had been responsible for the kidnapping, on neutral Dutch territory, of two British intelligence officers, Captain Best and Major Stevens. This incident, which was of course contrary to all rules of war, and in the course of which a Dutchman was killed, preyed heavily on Schellenberg's mind at the end of the war.

14. Bernadotte was very energetic in spreading his own fame. On 17th April, 1947, he wrote to me suggesting that I had given insufficient attention to his achievements in my book *The Last Days of Hitler*, and he afterwards had his letter to me published in Sweden. Later, I discovered that he had sent copies of his letter to me to some prominent Englishmen.

15. Affidavit by Baron van Nagell, 3rd October, 1949; letter to me from Baron van Nagell, 3rd March, 1953, Cf. also *Aftonbladet*, Stockholm, 23rd April, 1953.

16. *Aftonbladet*, Stockholm, 23rd and 24th April, 1953.

17. According to a letter from the Dutch ambassador in Helsinki (Mr. van der Vlugt) to his government, the refusal was made at the instance of Count Bernadotte.

18. Report of Mr. Dijkmeister, the Dutch information officer at Stockholm, 22nd November, 1945.

19. The members of the Commission were Mr. Snouck Hurgronje (Secretary General of the Foreign Office), Mr. Van Schelle (Counsellor of the Embassy), and Professor A. J. Rüter of the University of Leiden.

20. The communiqué was issued on 3rd February, 1953. I replied in detail in *Svenska Dagbladet*, 4th March, 1953, and, in English, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, April 1953.

21. Letter from Professor Posthumus to the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Storting, 10th June, 1953.

22. When the storm had died down, a balanced account of "the Bernadotte Expedition" was published in *Dagens Nyheter*, 1-4 February, 1954. This account, by Ulf Brandell, gives his proper due to Dr. Kersten. In April 1956 the Swedish Foreign Office published a "White Book" on the whole subject entitled *1945 Ars Svenska Hjälpexpedition till Tyskland*, which criticizes my presentation of the facts but not, in my opinion, effectively, and incidentally admits all my major points. My answer to it was published in *Dagens Nyheter*, 26th April, 1956.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

LOUIS MARSHALL of the AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

A Report to President Wilson

THIS month, in its Fiftieth Anniversary Year, the American Jewish Committee holds a Half-Century Observance Conference at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York (April 10-14), dedicated to the theme "The Pursuit of Liberty at Home and Abroad." It was this same pursuit that inspired the devoted service of Louis Marshall (1856-1929), one of the Committee's distinguished founders, to his fellow Jews. A leading member of the New York bar for forty years, Marshall's solicitude for the rights of all minorities was unflagging; he argued before the highest court of the land, for example, the right of Negroes to vote in Democratic primaries in Texas, and the ownership of land by Japanese in California.

Through his connection with the American Jewish Committee (whose president he was from 1912 until his death) he fought to obtain civil rights for the Jews of Eastern Europe, and at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919 he led a successful struggle to have written into the peace treaties guarantees of such rights.

THE following selection is taken from *Louis Marshall: Champion of Liberty,* two volumes of his papers and addresses edited by Charles Reznikoff, with an introduction by Oscar Handlin (who contributed "The American Jewish Committee: a Half-Century View," to our January issue). Sponsored by the American Jewish Committee, the book will appear in May under the imprint of the Jewish Publication Society of America. The selection we present was sent to President Wilson as a report by Marshall of his conversation in New York on October 6, 1918, with Roman Dmowski, the leader (along with the pianist Ignace Paderewski) of the National Polish party. This party aimed at securing the establishment of a free Poland as part of the peace treaty to be drawn up after the end of the war. Although Marshall's immediate object in calling on Dmowski was to stop the economic boycott of the Jews that had been in force in Poland since 1912, his ultimate purpose was to secure equal civil rights for the more than three million Jews of the projected New Poland. The conference succeeded only in demonstrating the incorrigible hostility to the Jews of such Polish leaders as Dmowski, but foreshadowed the elaborate negotiations Marshall later undertook at Versailles.—ED.

PURSUANT to previous arrangement I called on Mr. Dmowski at his apartments at Plaza Hotel at three o'clock this afternoon. While all the incidents are fresh in my mind I have reduced the narrative to writing.

Mr. Dmowski greeted me quite cordially and informed me that he had seen my letter to Mr. Paderewski, of which I append a copy together with the latter's communication to me. He proceeded to say that he regarded it important for the Jews to cooperate with the Poles in their aspirations for a restoration of their national existence, and in substance spoke as follows:

"I wish to be entirely frank and to explain my attitude and that of the Poles towards the Jews of Poland. My father conducted fisheries and had close business relations with the Jews of our country. At his funeral there were probably more Jews present than non-Jews, and I looked upon them as friends. I am a biologist by profession and never expected to be engaged in politics. For centuries there was no anti-Jewish prejudice in Poland and there probably never would have been any had it not been for Russia."

I interrupted him to say that the Polish nobility had evinced continued hostility and brutality toward the Jews of Poland, that

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the Church had from time to time evinced enmity, and I gave him to understand that I was familiar with Jewish history in Poland. He replied that it was true that the nobility was brutal, but the brutality toward the Jews was of the same type as that which it practiced upon the Polish peasants and the proletariat generally. He continued: "There never was a pogrom in Poland."

I AGAIN interrupted him by saying that there had been Polish pogroms since 1914, and that Georg Brandes had charged him, Dmowski, as the leader of the National Democratic Party, with having advocated pogroms in the newspaper called Dwa Groszi. He remarked that Mr. Brandes was in error, had been misinformed, and had subsequently retracted that statement, which could be proven by Mr. Luzzatti. I replied that this was new to me, but that I was fully acquainted with the economic boycott that had been in progress for six years and which was worse than a pogrom. He then said: "I must confess that personally I have been hostile to the Jews and have as a leader of a political party deliberately engaged in a struggle against them, and am responsible for the economic boycott to which they have been subjected. I know your feelings on the subject, but I will give you the reasons which prompted my action. About 1908 a large number of Lithuanian Jews, who could no longer endure the treatment accorded to them by Russia, came to Poland. Strangely enough they persisted, after they came to Poland, in speaking the Russian language obtrusively. They also began a movement whereby the Jews were induced to employ Jewish doctors and Jewish lawyers instead of Polish physicians and lawyers as theretofore. Consequently they began what I call a boycott. Although the Jews of Warsaw represented only thirty-eight per cent of the population, they took upon themselves to advocate the election of a Jew to the Duma instead of a Pole, there being but one representative in the Duma from Warsaw. This culminated at the elections for the Fourth Duma, in 1912, in a serious conflict. On account of the peculiarity of the election laws and the attitude of the Polish electorate, many of whom intentionally abstained from registering, it was found that the Jews who availed themselves of the right of registration represented 24,000 voters and the Poles only 22,000, and as a result of this situation the candidate of our party was defeated. The Jews brought about the election of the Socialist candidate. This led to great bitterness, and from that time on we conducted the boycott of which you are complaining.

"There were other reasons which led to a clash between the Poles and the Jews. Poland is a poor country. Until recently the Poles were engaged in agriculture and as laborers exclusively. The Jews devoted themselves to commerce and industry. It became apparent to the Poles that it was desirable that they should also engage in commerce to enable them to gain a livelihood. That resulted in competition with the Jews, who resented the intrusion of the Poles into their economic field. Unfortunately it was a struggle for existence between two portions of the population, both of which were exceedingly poor. There were not crumbs enough to go around. It was therefore a question as to who should have the crumbs. Although the Poles are poor, the Jews are even more wretched. They have been exploited, their workshops are of necessity in their homes, are most unsanitary, and even with the assistance of their children they have found it difficult to earn enough to keep them from starvation. On the other hand, the Russians who exploited them were growing rich on the proceeds of the labor of these wretched people. Another reason for the growing hostility of the Poles against the Jews lay in the fact that the Jews persisted in speaking Yiddish, and even their men of education, who had in and before 1862 been patriotic Poles, began to take the attitude that the Polish cause was a lost cause, that Poland was finished, and they therefore directed their activities into other channels. In Posen the Jews rapidly absorbed the German language and abandoned even Yiddish, and in towns in which they were in the majority they changed Polish names which had previously been used, into German names. All these things together contributed to the creation of a feeling of animosity, and it was for that reason that I and my party encouraged the boycott, which has been a very severe one and terrible in its operation, and I am frank to say that it continues to this moment and has been growing worse instead of better."

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BEFORE he could resume his statement, I took up the thread of the conversation and said, in substance:

"Since it seems to be in order, I shall make an apologia pro mea vita of a different character from that which you have made. I was born in this State. My parents both came from Germany, my father in 1849, my mother in 1853. They came here practically as refugees. They could not endure the manifestations of hatred, bigotry and intolerance which prevailed in their native land. They prospered, thanks to the freedom and opportunities which our country accorded them, and they inspired in their children a feeling of love and devotion for the land which gave them equality of right and opportunity, and instilled in them the thought that the duties of citizenship were the correlative of the rights thus bestowed. From my earliest days I associated with Jews who had come to this country from Poland. They were men and women of sterling worth. I can point to many men of my acquaintance who were of Polish Jewish ancestry who attained a high rank in the professions and in business and have long been honored and respected by their fellow-citizens. One of my earliest enthusiasms, as well as one of my earliest sorrows, was Poland. As an American I felt a debt of gratitude to Kosciuszco, who came to this country during our Revolutionary War to assist in the attainment of our liberty, and I grieved at the injustice which led to the division of Poland between Russia, Austria and Prussia. I also had the honor to become acquainted with Dr. Marcus Jastrow, of Philadelphia, one of the leading Rabbis of this country as well as one of its finest citizens, who fought in the Polish Revolution of 1862 and was imprisoned because of his participation in it, and who with other Rabbis of Warsaw, by way of protest against the tyranny of Russia, closed his synagogue. His sons are today professors in American universities. I know, therefore, from direct contact with Polish Jews what their feelings toward Poland were. Although they had suffered and had come to this country to better their condition, they still felt a deep attachment for Poland. It came to me, therefore, as a shock when I first learned of the details of the boycott and of the explanation of its origin, which were communicated to me by no less a person than Mr. Sokolov, and if you will permit me, Mr. Dmowski, to use the expression, I regard the action of your party and of yourself as simply monstrous."

Here he interrupted me to say: "I think that your characterization is not out of place. In fact, I like the word monstrous." I continued.

"I have followed your explanation with close attention. It is practically the same that was made to me and some of my friends some time ago, at a conference at which Mr. Rosenwald presided, by Mr. Paderewski. It is, however, neither an explanation nor a justification of what has taken place. To begin with, I cannot see the consistency of your arguments with regard to the effect of the presence of Jewish refugees from Russia as producing a pro-Russian propaganda. You concede that these people came to Poland because conditions in Russia were intolerable. You have conceded in the course of your statement (which he had) that these men hated Russia, and yet you argue that they nevertheless were seeking to Russianize Poland. In the next place, you regard as a boycott on the part of the Jews the fact that Jews consulted lawyers and physicians of their faith. That comes far from establishing the claim of the creation of a boycott. The choice of a medical or legal adviser depends on many reasons other than the far-fetched theory of a boycott. The language question could certainly not have justified a boycott. You know how tenacious people are of their mother-tongue, and it is only a chauvinist who seeks to prevent people from speaking in the language familiar to them from childhood. I remember the indignation felt by the Poles, as well as by all reasonable and fair-minded men, when Germany sought by legislation to forbid the Poles who lived in Germany to speak, read or write Polish. I have recently had a very interesting correspondence with the Governor of Iowa, who was of the opinion that nobody in this country should be permitted to use any language other than English. What would become of the Poles in the United States if such a course were adopted? Is it not a fact that they have clung to their language here in America, that they have their own schools in which they are taught in Polish, and their own churches

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and their own newspapers which are conducted in their native tongue? I may say that, in 1909, when I served as Chairman of the Immigration Commission of New York, this proposition, as applicable to the Poles of Buffalo, was brought to my attention. No objection whatever was made to the teaching of the Polish language or to its use in the Polish schools, the only qualification which we thought proper being that the language of the country should of necessity be taught in these schools as well as Polish."

He then said: "You are entirely right, but our opposition to Yiddish lies in the fact that its basis is German and that the natural tendency of continuing its use would be to make the Jews German instead of Polish in their sympathies in the event that differences should ever arise between the Poles and the Germans."

I pointed out to him that this was entirely erroneous, that loyalty did not depend upon language, that that was demonstrated by the armies which we are now sending abroad, where there are tens of thousands of men who are of German birth or descent and who speak German and who nevertheless are loyal to America, as is shown by the casualty lists published daily in the newspapers. I then said that it was very clear to me, even from his statement, that the real basis of the boycott was political, and that it had apparently been decided in cold blood to destroy the Jews because of the exercise by them of their political rights and for voting contrary to the wishes of Mr. Dmowski and his party; that I understood that the Jewish opposition to his candidacy was due to his pronounced anti-Semitism and that he was unwilling to retire for a candidate who did not share his hostility to the Jews.

Thereupon he naively asked: "But why should they not have voted for a Pole? Poland had only eleven seats in the Duma." I replied that it was just as much for the interest of the Jews who had a limited number of seats in the Duma, to be represented by one who understood their problems and difficulties and could advocate their rights, as it was for the Poles to be represented by one of their number. If the right of franchise meant anything and if the professed platform of Mr. Dmowski was to be of any value, then every citizen of Poland should have the right to vote in accordance with his own belief as to what was desirable and according to his own conscience; that if a voter was to be punished because he did not vote as those of another party wished him to vote, then it was apparent that there could be no liberty, and that even the grant of political rights would prove a source of danger. Referring to the Warsaw election, I said: "The conditions which prevailed were in large measure due to the peculiar attitude taken by the Poles. If the Jews represented only thirty-eight per cent of the electorate, then the Poles, who represented the remaining sixty-two per cent, could have easily outvoted them, unless they were divided among themselves, and if they were divided among themselves, it was because they had the right to be. The fact, therefore, that the Jews were persecuted for the exercise of their political rights demonstrated the iniquity of the policy of the so-called Polish National Committee, initiated, as you, Mr. Dmowski, have conceded, by you. You have protested against the suggestion that I made, on the authority of Mr. Brandes, that the Poles had conducted pogroms against the Jews. Let me say that, in my judgment, a pogrom is a thousand times less objectionable than the boycott which you have invented. A pogrom is an act of brutality, it is sporadic, it is an outburst of passion, which dies down almost as rapidly as it comes into being; there is bloodshed and loss of property. But such a boycott as you have created and which has now continued for six years, is a manifestation of hatred which grows by what it feeds upon. You have introduced poison into the system of the Polish people, who, you say, had previously been free from prejudice against the Jews. This poison works day and night. It becomes more virulent as the years go on. It is subtle and insidious in its operation. It passes beyond the control of him who first administered it, and in the end is destructive not only of the immediate victim, but of those in whom the venom has been engendered. If the Poles were free from religious or racial prejudice against the Jews before you carried your policy into operation, it is you who have lowered the moral fibre of the Polish people, and it is you alone who can

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and should persuade them of the error of their ways and induce them to terminate this horrible boycott and to fraternize with the Jews of Poland. The Pope, a few years ago, recognized the injustice of this boycott and, as I understand it, through the leading clergymen of Poland, sought to put it down, but they did not succeed because of the opposition of your party."

He walked up and down his room while I was making these remarks, and then said: "Yes, I know what the Pope did, but you are perhaps unaware of the fact that I am not persona grata at the Vatican. While I fully appreciate all that you say, if I were now suddenly to change front and to deal with the boycott as you suggest, my party would immediately say that I was bought."

I replied that I could not see how that would be possible if his party had confidence in him and if he was its leader as he conceded that he was. They knew as well as he the motive which led them to unleash the bloodthirsty tiger and that it was in their power not only to make amends but to help the cause of Poland by destroying that tiger with their own hands. Moreover, the moral soundness of a policy which united the Polish people and which did away with the wickedness of the boycott could be made clear by the Polish press, on the forum and in the churches, and the same agencies that had created it could be directed toward its elimination.

He retorted that after all the real cause of the boycott rested in the poverty of the country and in the fact that there were not enough crumbs to go around, and that, therefore, the Poles were obliged to save themselves from starvation by engaging in competition, however destructive, against the Jews who were engaged in commerce and industry. "But," he said, "I am sure that if the New Poland is created, with all of the resources that it would have, we should occupy almost the same position as does the United States, because we could then take care of all of our people and there would be no such conflict of interest as that which now exists." He then displayed to me a map of the New Poland, which covered not only Russian Poland as it has heretofore existed, but also Galicia, the Province of Posen, including Danzig, but excluding the region of Koenigsberg, which he said was German, and a part of Silesia. That would give Poland tremendous coal fields containing sixty-four billion tons of coal, exceeding by more than twenty billions the tonnage of the Westphalian coal fields; salt mines, copper and iron mines, oil fields, an outlet upon the Baltic Sea, and the opportunity for finding markets; whereas if the New Poland should consist merely of Russian and Austrian Poland, it would be dependent on Russia, Austria and Germany for its markets and would be in precisely the same situation in which Serbia found herself of having an embargo placed upon her commerce at her boundaries. He therefore thought it important that the Jews of this and other countries should, in the interest of their own brethren, assist in the accomplishment of his plans, and, furthermore, that they should furnish capital with which to develop commerce and industries in Poland; since that would provide for the Jews and would help the Poles, and, of course, create a feeling of friendship and unity.

I answered that, before the Jews could be asked to take any position on this subject, it was a sine qua non that the Poles should put an immediate end to the boycott, that they should show by their attitude toward the Jews that the era of hatred and conflict, or, as Mr. Dmowski expressed it, "of struggle," was at an end, and that there should be a recognition of the injustice to which the Jews had been subjected. He said that that would all come in due time, but the only sure way of ending the struggle was to put an end to the real cause of it, which was the poverty of Poland.

I then said that I assumed that he was cognizant of the publications of Professor Dewey and of others, who charged his party with being Czaristic and Royalist, and that the common people of Poland were not represented in it. He replied that he knew of these publications, but did not understand how such views could have originated because they had no basis. It was true that, at the beginning of the war, he felt that he would have to be either pro-German or pro-Russian. He saw no hope for Poland from Germany because it was the German idea to create a Poland which would be merely a new German province, whereas a better opportunity for independence was to be

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found in the friendship of Russia. He also admitted that at that time it was his idea that Poland would have to be governed by a monarchy, but said that his views on that subject had undergone a change, because he now saw that the days of monarchial governments were doomed throughout Europe, including Germany and Austria, and, therefore, that the only Poland now possible would be a Republic of Poland instead of a kingdom.

I RETURNED to the question of the membership of his party by calling attention to what I had read in the *Evening Post* to the effect that at the Polish Convention held in Detroit the radical and labor elements were not represented, which seemed to give some color to the charge of Professor Dewey that the party of Mr. Dmowski was not a democratic but rather an aristocratic party. He replied that he had nothing to do with the calling of that convention, that it would have been out of place for him to have attempted control because the convention was one of Polish-Americans, and that they would have resented any intrusion by him of his views; that the object of the convention was not political but related solely to the status of the Poles in America. I intimated that I had gained a different impression from the account of the proceedings of the convention, and especially since I knew that Mr. Paderewski, who was Mr. Dmowski's representative in this country, was extremely active in the convention.

This conversation lasted more than two hours. He finally said that he was very glad to have had this opportunity for an exchange of views, and that he was very anxious that there should be further conferences in the hope that a complete understanding could be reached; that it was his idea to take immediate action for the purpose of combating the boycott by indirect methods. To which I replied, that I considered it the part of wisdom to take immediate and direct action to accomplish that end, because so long as the boycott prevailed no Jew could look upon Poland as other than hostile.

In the course of the conversation I tried to impress upon him the importance of enabling the Jews of Poland to become for Poland what they had been for this country, a source of strength. In reply he stated that he recognized their usefulness, their industry, and commercial ability. He said that they are neither superior nor inferior to the Poles. He regarded their strength to consist in their wisdom as distinguished from their intelligence—thirty centuries of experience in all parts of the world, under every possible condition of prosperity and misery, had developed in them the quality of wisdom. Whereupon I retorted that, assuming that I was a true son of Israel, wisdom prompted me to impress upon him the importance of purging Poland of an evil which would certainly lead to destruction. I asked him to consider the effect that the exclusion of the Jews had upon Spain and Portugal, and other countries, even England, during the centuries when they were not permitted to dwell there. He replied that there are no Jews in Japan and Japan has prospered, but, he said, perhaps I am wrong there, because I recognize the fact that but for Mr. Schiff, Japan would not be what it is today. I fully acquiesced in his conclusion.

He escorted me to the elevator and then said that, in view of the political developments of the last few days, he felt that it was desirable for him to go to Washington and to remain in this country for some little time, and that he was very anxious to resume our discussion.*

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*This conversation was published in a pamphlet that appeared without date or name of publisher.

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ON THE HORIZON

A CONFERENCE ON THE PSALMS

Prayer in an Unredeemed World

JAKOB J. PETUCHOWSKI

IT WAS at an adult conference of one of the Protestant denominations, held on the campus of an Ohio college. Typical of the era of religious tolerance and mutual understanding was the privilege afforded this writer of serving on the faculty, of sharing his knowledge of, and his approach to, the "Old Testament" with the believers in the New. The Biblical book chosen for daily study was Psalms. A question was asked, an answer was attempted; and it might well be that the subject is of interest to a wider circle.

But first, a few preliminary remarks on the Book of Psalms. While the Christian Church has appropriated the "Old Testament" as a whole, there would hardly seem to be a more "Christian" book in the whole of the Hebrew canon than Psalms—that is, outside famous chapters like Isaiah 53 and individual verses in other Biblical books which have time-honored Christological interpretations. It is the Book of Psalms, as a whole, that has won the heart of the Christian, and which is familiar to him from its liturgical use in church services. And it is not only the quaint page headings of the King James Version that make it so essentially a "Christian" book. It is the sentiments themselves of the Psalms, the pronounced element of "personal religion" which is often said to be missing in so much else of the "Old Testament." Add to this the fact that the Book of Psalms is the one and only "Old Testament" book that is frequently bound together with the New Testament, and one is no longer taken aback by the amazement so often expressed by pious and sincere Christians when they hear for the first time that Psalms belong to the Old Covenant. And yet—even the unprejudiced reader cannot fail to notice, once he engages in a systematic study of the Psalms, that there are some very "un-Christian" sentiments expressed in them: sentiments which simply ask for the old stereotypes to be brought out into the open again: the God of Vengeance of the "Old Testament," and the God of Love of the New! The Psalmist is very conscious of his "enemies." He prays for their destruction. In his suffering, he cries out unto the God of Vengeance. There is no "turning of the other cheek" here, no loving of one's enemies. Very clearly, the Psalmist lived by an ethic quite different from the one we read about in the Sermon on the Mount.

And so the question came up. It simply had to be asked. But it was asked without any malice aforethought. It was presented as a sincere request for enlightenment. How can we reconcile the Psalmist's imprecations against his adversaries with what, in our Christian environment, we have been taught to regard as true religious sentiments?

THE Book of Psalms came up for fresh discussion at a recent conference in Ohio, where JAKOB J. PETUCHOWSKI was invited to talk about it with a group of devout Protestants. In his report, Rabbi Petuchowski provides what might be regarded as a concrete example of a dialogue between Christians and Jews such as he envisaged in his review of *The Bridge* (May 1956). Assistant professor of Rabbinics at Hebrew Union College, Rabbi Petuchowski's most recent contribution to COMMENTARY was "Erich Fromm's Midrash on Love" (December 1956).

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THE answer fell into three parts, which might here be labeled liturgical, homilectical, and "existentialist." As far as the liturgical use of the Psalms is concerned, we can just omit (in so far as we are not Fundamentalists) whatever verses we find offensive. In prayer we have to be honest. We cannot be expected to mouth phrases, hallowed by ancient usage though they be, which not only do not express what is in our hearts, but give currency to notions opposed to our deepest convictions.

When, for example, Psalm 145 is recited in the Reform Jewish service, verse 20 is simply omitted. It reads: "The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy." (No doubt this omission survives as a legacy from calmer and more optimistic days, when no urgent need was felt to see the wicked destroyed. Alas, in the process, we also had to forego the comfort of reminding ourselves that "the Lord preserveth all them that love him.")

Similarly, when modern Jews try to relive in spirit the experience of the Babylonian Exile by meditating on Psalm 137 ("By the rivers of Babylon"), they are liable, at this late stage of the game, to stop with verse 6, without giving vent to their feelings by calling down terrible curses on the "children of Edom" and the "daughter of Babylon."

Moreover, while our pious ancestors in rabbinic days may not have shared our cavalier disregard of "uncomfortable" verses, they tried at least to help themselves by means of "interpretation." Famous is the story, recorded in the Talmud, of Rabbi Meir who was vexed by the conduct of wicked neighbors, and who prayed to God for their destruction. His wife bade him desist, and she quoted by way of proof, of all things, verse 35 of Psalm 104 ("Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more"). But by changing the vocalization of a single Hebrew word—*chattaim* to *chataim*—she made the verse to mean: "Let sins [*sic*] be consumed out of the earth, and then the wicked will be no more (because they will have repented)!"

But this first part of our answer is, after all, still on a rather superficial level. It deals with our own liturgical use of the Psalms, with the question of how far a liturgical text can be meaningfully employed some two thousand years after it was written. It leaves unanswered the problem of why the "enemies" should have been dragged into the Psalms in the first place.

In trying to answer this, we are not going to take a short cut which a superficial use of the Higher Criticism might possibly suggest to us, by dubbing the verses which offend our susceptibilities as "later interpolations." No, we shall face up to the question of why the original authors "marred" their compositions by the introduction of such hostile sentiments. We can do this best by turning the whole argument around, by saying that it would be impossible to understand the composition of the Psalms *without* the presence of the verses that "mar" them.

For the Psalms—at any rate, the Psalms under discussion in this context—were not written in the quiet of the study. They arose out of actual life situations, out of the kind of crises in which men turn to God. There was neither the leisure nor the inclination to dream up Utopia or Pollyanna. The man who can say, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world" is in no need of praying for the destruction of the wicked; nor, on the other hand, is he liable to write Psalms which can be meaningful as "personal religion" to a sufferer removed from him in both time and space. And perhaps it is just this which makes the Psalms so meaningful: that there is nothing artificial about them, that we can feel a kinship with those men of flesh and blood and emotions who had experiences not too dissimilar from our own.

The world is not perfect as long as there is evil in it, as long as the wicked are around to harass the godly. But the plan of God is to *make* the world perfect. And this, of necessity, implies the elimination of evil. How well we can understand the thirty-fifth verse of Psalm 104 from this point of view, the verse which voices the prayer that "the sinners be consumed out of the earth"! For thirty-four exhilarating verses the poet has been singing the praises of nature and of nature's God. But, after all, he does not live in the "New Jerusalem," but in this not yet perfect world of ours. And so he completes his picture of the glories of nature by giving expression both to his awareness of the existence of wickedness, and to his fervent hope that the world will be made perfect by its speedy removal.

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Lest it be said that such a hope is too "Jewish," and not "Christian" enough, we are reminded by as authentic a Christian as the late Dean Stanley that "the duty of keeping alive in the human heart the sense of burning indignation against moral evil —against selfishness, against injustice, against untruth, in ourselves as well as in others— that is as much part of the Christian as of the Jewish dispensation."

THIS brings us to the third and final part of our answer. In a whole week spent in the studious, devotional, and congenial atmosphere of the adult conference, this writer heard a great deal about Jesus and his love. And many a time he heard him referred to as the Prince of Peace. But he was also given a hymnal (used at the daily vesper services) in which this very Prince of Peace is invoked as "the royal Master" who "leads against the foe." And the followers of this Prince of Peace," laying claim to the title of "Soldiers of the Cross," are bidden to arise, and to gird themselves with their armor bright; for "mighty are your enemies, hard the battle ye must fight."

This, of course, was nothing new. It has long been recognized that the New Testament has its blood-curdling Apocalypse as well as its pacifist Sermon on the Mount; and the picture of the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild" may do less than full justice to the hero of the Gospels. But what the hymns referred to above express so forcefully, even if the purely metaphorical use of the expressions be granted, is the idea of the Church Militant.

The Church Militant! The Church, when all is said and done, is still very much a fighting Church. It sees its challenge and its task in territories still unconquered (again, if you prefer, in a purely metaphorical sense). The Kingdom of God has its "foes" whom the "Soldiers of the Cross" have yet to subdue.

As an outsider who tried to be objective, this writer was not offended by these notions. But he found the terminology certainly most suggestive. Were he engaged in religious polemics, he might perhaps suggest that the Church first follow the advice of Jesus by removing the "log" from its own hymnals before taking offense at the "speck" in the Hebrew Psalter. But polemics are not our object here. We seek mutual understanding and enlightenment. And we understand from the hymnology of the Church that the present-day Christian shares with the "Old Testament" Hebrew an awareness of the presence of evil in this world. On this basis we can understand one another, whether the image in which we try to enclose our hopes for the ultimate Redemption be "the Coming of the Messiah," "the Messianic Age," "the Second Coming," or "the Kingdom." Whenever the Jew and the Christian pray: "Thy Kingdom come!" (and the "Lord's Prayer" does share this request with the Kaddish) both Jew and Christian give expression to this "existential" awareness that the world in which they live is as yet unredeemed.

And in the light of this awareness, the Jew can understand why the Christian calls upon the Incarnate Word to "gird on his mighty sword." The Jew may even be moved to a sympathetic appreciation of the tragic tension involved in Christianity, which, on the one hand, believes that the Redeemer was born 1957 years ago, and which, on the other, *still* has to pray, as did the Apostle Paul (I Corinthians 16:22) in the Aramaic dialect of early Jewish prayer: *"Marana tha!*—Our Lord, come!"

But by the same token, the Christian need not be repelled, and most certainly need not revert to the Gnostic distinction between the "God of Love" and the "Jewish God" (a distinction which the very Fathers of the Church have been at great pains to refute), when he hears the Psalmist praying:

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all;
the earth is full of Thy creatures. . . .
I will sing to the Lord as long as I live;
I will sing praise to my God while I have being.
May my meditation be pleasing to Him,
for I rejoice in the Lord.
Let sinners be consumed from the earth,
and let the wicked be no more!
Bless the Lord, O my soul!
Hallelujah.
(Psalm 104:24, 33-35.)

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THE STUDY OF MAN

SOCIAL SCIENCE ON MADISON AVENUE

The Making of William Lundigan

WALTER GOODMAN

THE same psychology-flavored techniques which have enlivened the prune, revitalized Ry-Krisp, and broadened the appeal of Sanka coffee are presently being applied to a human being. He is William Lundigan, announcer for *Climax!* and *Shower of Stars,* two TV shows sponsored by the Chrysler Corporation.

On his discharge from the Marines in 1945, thirty-two-year-old Lundigan prepared to take up the movie career which he had begun in 1937 when a Hollywood talent scout spirited him away from his job as radio announcer with WFBL, Syracuse. Before the war, the six-foot-two-inch, blue-eyed young man had appeared in thirteen productions, including *Three Cheers for the Irish; The Courtship of Andy Hardy; Three Smart Girls Grow Up;* and —his major effort—*Dodge City.*

His return to Hollywood did not cause a tremor of anticipation in anybody. In 1946, he made only one picture, *The Fabulous Dorseys.* In 1947, he was "between jobs." His 1948 agenda was composed of *End of the Rainbow, Mystery in Mexico,* and *Follow Me Quietly.* And so it went, at one studio or another, down to 1953; and so it might be going still and might have kept going as long as Bill Lundigan stayed six-foot-two and handsome, had not the Chrysler Corporation found itself a poor third in the automobile hierarchy of the nation, with the prospect of becoming even poorer.

In 1954, nearly a half-million fewer Chryslers, De Sotos, Dodges, Plymouths, and Imperials were sold than in the previous year. This meant a billion dollars less in sales. At one particularly dark moment Chrysler President L. L. Colbert foresaw "grim days ahead." Then, Chrysler's designers in Detroit unveiled their completely restyled line for 1955. Copywriters at McCann-Erickson in New York came through with "The Forward Look," and an anonymous artist whipped up a forward-looking symbol to go with it.

The admen were also in search of another kind of symbol—a breathing one to represent Chrysler to the nation's television viewers. They wanted somebody with a moderate box-office appeal, strong-looking, clean-cut, definitely wholesome. At one time or another they approached Cornell Wilde, Clark Gable, and James Stewart. All declined.

A retired MGM casting director named Billy Grady had been promoting Lundigan with McCann-Erickson for many months. "Lundigan with a break could be as great as Bill Holden," he liked to say. When a deal with Dana Andrews collapsed three weeks before the first scheduled offering of *Climax!,* Lundigan was haled to Detroit for a rush meeting with a roomful of Chrysler executives, and so began his career with the firm.

For a corporation which was trying to revise its public image in the direction of youth, vigor, and newness, Lundigan was a precious find. He had the perennially youthful appearance of the B-picture romantic lead. Behind

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IN A lighter vein, this department offers an informal case study of social science in the advertising field. WALTER GOODMAN was educated at Syracuse University and Reading University in England. He has written for the *New Republic,* the *Reporter,* the *Nation,* and other magazines, and a book of his articles on the advertising industry is scheduled to appear this summer.

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him were exploitable years as a Marine and a Boy Scout in Syracuse. His face and name were familiar enough to make him a "personality" of sorts—but without any particular attributes that might overpower the personality of the latest Chrysler or the sensibilities of the family audience. He had just enough foundation but not too much superstructure. Either the new models or the new-model TV host or some combination of them (or something else) sold more than a million and a half Chrysler-made cars in 1955 and brought the company some three and a half billion dollars—a record for Chrysler sales. The firm's public relations department has no doubts about their man's effectiveness. "Lundigan has emerged as a symbol to millions of Americans as 'Mr. Chrysler,'" one release announces. "His natural sincerity has brought credibility and authority to his job. It also sells cars." The many viewers who write Lundigan about their clutch and transmission troubles have certainly accepted him. The host himself, whose fan mail has increased greatly over his Hollywood days, is quoted as saying: "There hasn't been a single moment in these two years that hasn't been the greatest." As he is now earning upwards of $100,000 a year, there is no reason to doubt that the sentiment is genuine.

Such a consensus of good tidings would have reduced most men to smug complacency. But on Madison Avenue, where the Gamesmanship is relentless, McCann-Erickson was soon busy devising a series of impressively titled tests to reassure its client that it was all true.

In February 1956, the advertising agency's Central Research Department presented Chrysler with a problem and a proposal. "While a careful evaluation of the announcer's suitability must be made initially," the researchers wrote, "it is also advisable to conduct periodic checks of audience reaction to insure a high level of viewer acceptance. Now that *Climax!* and *Shower of Stars* shows have been running for about a year and a half, and William Lundigan has been featured as 'host' of both shows, it would be well to see just how high a level of impact and acceptance Lundigan is achieving."

Detroit bought this, and McCann-Erickson's researchers were unleashed on the following questions, which would define Lundigan's suitability as the TV salesman for Chrysler:

1. How well known is the announcer?
2. How closely is he associated with the sponsor?
3. How well liked is he?
4. How convincing is he in selling the product? How does he match up with the product image?
5. How effective is he with specific audience segments? Is he most efficient with the segment comprising our most logical prospects?

In April, the first of McCann-Erickson's blue-bound neatly designed reports on Lundigan was issued. Not only had the agency tapped viewers' attitudes by means of their Electronic Program Analyzer, but they had also used "attitude tests, role-playing drawing, and other projective items." Furthermore, they brought in for comparative purposes a competitor, a fellow who delivers the commercials for another automobile on another TV show.

This was a pilot study, whose findings were to be "used as a guide in implementing a full-scale motivation study." Its conclusions, cautioned McCann-Erickson, "should be considered tentative." Tentatively, then, here is a picture of the ideal announcer, as he appeared to the seventy-four car-owning adherents of *Climax!* and/or *Shower of Stars* who submitted to a portfolio-full of tests at the Pix Theater in Jersey City, New Jersey, on March 29, 1956.

1. He should appear informed and intelligent. ("A guy who has the facts and knows what he is talking about" was unanimously acclaimed by the respondents.)
2. He should be poised and confident but not proud.
3. He should "possess the social graces—but in limited measure. He should not be *overly* charming, *overly* cultured, etc."
4. Although it is taken for granted that he will not be "excessively unprepossessing," he should not be conspicuously good-looking, either. People "do not want an announcer who overwhelms them—either physically or emotionally."
5. His relationship to the viewer should be that of a casual acquaintance—an equal who knows his field. ("A friend I can trust.")
6. He should not be an object of hero worship, a category which includes famous movie stars, successful businessmen, leaders in various professions and, in general, any "man of substance who can sway me off my feet."

Lundigan turned out to be just as Informed,

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Logical, Intelligent, Bright, Gentleman-like, Cultured, Charming, Warm, Confident, and Definite as the ideal. He was slightly less Convincing than he should have been and a little too Proud. His major failings, however, were physical: he was too Good-looking, too Well Built, too Strong and too Broadshouldered. Appearance being "the area of Lundigan's greatest deviation from the ideal," it was suggested that some effort might be made to "de-glamorize" him.

Under the heading "Chrysler 'Host' Somewhat Passive," the researchers noted that "the Lundigan image—although a favorable one—is to a great extent inactive. He is perceived by many in terms of what he IS, rather than what he DOES." Hence, Lundigan showed up as a creature of the soft sell. This "basically *inactive* impression," the researchers proposed, might be corrected by giving him "more active chores as part of the commercial." The proposal seemed to stem from a suspicion that the non-aggressive announcer, although preferred by viewers, was not as effective as he might be at actually selling cars.

The fellow from the other show was compared with the near-ideal by simple questionnaire and by that special Electronic Program Analyzer, which worked this way: two Lundigan commercials and two of the competitor's commercials—in that order—were spliced into a half-hour comedy program. Viewers were able to indicate their reactions via a small electronic signal box, whose switches read: (1) Like very much. (2) Like fairly much. (3) Like a little. (4) Like not at all. Their reactions were "electronically weighted" and plotted on a graph.

The competitor didn't come out of the box very well. He was Informed, Logical, and Confident all right, but he was not so Intelligent as Lundigan, not so Bright, not so Gentleman-like, not so Cultured, not so Charming, not so Warm, not so Convincing, not so Definite. The other car manufacturer's only solace was that his man was not so Good-looking, Well Built, Strong, or Broad-shouldered either.

THE final portion of the test at the Pix Theatre turned the lenses onto the audience. The researchers set out to find: "To which viewers does Lundigan appeal?" From their responses to statements such as "Obedience and respect for authority are the most important virtues children should learn," Lundigan's admirers were revealed as "very sensitive to social pressures. Their basic attitude is one of general conformity and compliance. These seem to be people who place great value on 'fitting in' with the generally current trend. . . . Briefly Lundigan appears to attract the kind of viewers who make up the large share of television viewers." (This assumption, if it represents the judgment of Madison Avenue on America's "middle majority" TV audience, sheds some light on the range and depth of contemporary programming.)

The fact that these people are not "power-oriented" explained to the researchers' satisfaction why they take so well to Lundigan's "inactive" attractions. Their passivity was proved by their unresponsiveness to statements like, "People can be divided into two classes: the weak and the strong." In the group not particularly well disposed toward Lundigan were the "more deviant, more openly defiant, and less conservative" TV viewers. ("I like to do things that other people regard as unconventional.") This should be of special interest to Chrysler, the testers pointed out, if they intend to reach Buick owners, "who have been generally characterized as power-oriented and striving."

In their attitude toward motoring, Lundigan's fans reflected "the sociability and lack of anxiety which characterized their personalities." Not so the fevered anti-Lundiganites: "The latter appeared more tense, more 'driven' psychologically—more fearful." For them cars meant "success" and "prestige," while driving was associated with "breakdown," "gas consumption" and "leakage." These sick types aside, however, Lundigan had clearly captured "the broad mass of television viewers."

The audience at the Pix, asked to draw a picture of "William Lundigan visiting you in your home," came through with sketches that the researchers interpreted as youthful, socially outgoing, and masculine. Lundigan seemed to relay a feeling of propriety and comfort, reported the testers. Only from some "more deviant and striving individuals" (who, by now, were taking on a positively villainous aspect) did he call forth anxiety. His *casualness* worried them. But "all respondents, whether pro- or anti-Lundigan," the study concluded on a high note, "pictured Chrysler-made automobiles in a very favorable light."

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In May, McCann-Erickson sent to Chrysler the results of its Immediate Recall studies on Lundigan and three other announcers: Ed Sullivan, a friend of the Mercury; Lou Crosby, who praises the Dodge on the Lawrence Welk Show; and Jack Lescoulie who does the same service for Buick on its Jackie Gleason program. On four occasions, about 220 people in fifteen cities were called within an hour of tuning off one of the programs under surveillance and were asked their opinion of the announcer they had just been watching. (This study was conducted by a firm named, typically, Qualitative Research, Inc.)

Lescoulie and Crosby, it was learned, were considered primarily as salesmen. Sullivan, the most readily identified of the four, was viewed as a showman. ("I don't like Ed very much, but I like his show.") Lundigan came through, once again, as an attractive but inactive personality—as "what he *is*, rather than what he *does*." ("He has a nice voice, nice appearance, and doesn't yell," one lady commented. A man remembered him as "an actor from California.") Although he attained the highest score on over-all acceptance—since, unlike the others, he aroused very few negative feelings, or, for that matter, strong reaction of any sort—he was not considered as knowledgeable about automobiles as Crosby or Lescoulie. He inspired relatively few viewers with the desire to buy a Chrysler. Significantly—and unnervingly for Detroit—his sponsor was mentioned less frequently than the sponsors of the competing shows. His recent local appearances at special events, however, it was noted, "seem to be improving Lundigan's impact on consumers."

(It is tempting to speculate on the appeal of Groucho Marx, another Chrysler Corporation employee—recently signed to a new contract—who doesn't know anything about Dodges or DeSotos and doesn't care, is anything but a passive figure, and is able to arouse all sorts of negative reactions when he wants to. Although the prodigiously inoffensive Lundigan has corralled "the broad mass" to McCann-Erickson's satisfaction, Groucho came out second in the agency's 1955 study of "Popularity Rating in Terms of Want to See on Television." Lundigan was twenty-ninth in a field of thirty-nine. Groucho's success may be explained in part by his limited social graces and narrow shoulders.)

Now the ground was laid for the climactic 76-page study on William Lundigan—the promised full-fledged Motivation Study. "It differs in method from the previous studies in that here the data have been gathered by intense face-to-face interviews with over two hundred viewers of these Chrysler shows in three cities." Now hear this, Detroit: "In addition to the usual structured attitudinal and information items, the questionnaire contained projective tests, personality inventories, and a number of open-ended questions" which were "designed to delineate the more dynamic components of people's attitudes toward Lundigan." (The Advertising Research Foundation, by the way, has put out a volume called *The Language of Dynamic Psychology as Related to Motivational Research,* which contains 500 sure-fire terms for bowling over a manufacturer.)

AGAIN Lundigan crowded the ideal announcer —"particularly in the areas of *social acceptability* and *manner*"—with Lescoulie limping in second, surpassing the front runner in only a single trait—humor. A footnote, however, redeemed the Buick man somewhat: "the relatively bad showing of Lescoulie may be due, to a large extent, to the fact that respondents were viewers of Chrysler shows rather than of the Buick program on which Lescoulie is featured. Presumably, he might fare quite differently, were the sample to be made up of the Buick show viewers." The footnote did not go on to suggest that the secret of Lundigan's remarkable likeness to the ideal announcer was that the McCann-Erickson questionnaire mentioned Lundigan's shows, *Climax!* and *Shower of Stars,* six times just before getting around to its questions about the ideal.

Again Lundigan's "genteel sophistication" was found to appeal "to that segment of TV viewers which reflects the psychological orientations of the large part of our population—orientations toward conformity and reluctance to change. . . . 'Keeping up with the Joneses' socially and attitudinally, as well as economically, is the credo for this group." This time their drawings of a visit with Lundigan indicated "casual sociability."

The anti-Lundiganites, who had received a superficial examination in April, were probed more deeply in May. The probers found: ". . . greater assertiveness and need for individualistic expression . . . they are non-conformist . . . dependent more on personal, emotional cues for their behavior than on social

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pressure . . . need to be involved in close, emotionally supportive types of relationships. . . ."

Ernest Dichter, Ph.D., head of the Institute of Motivational Research, and perhaps the most prominent retailer of Freud operating today, has instructed Madison Avenue: "The successful advertising agency has manipulated human motivations and desires and developed a need for goods with which the public had at one time been unfamiliar—perhaps even undesirous of purchasing. . . . It is going to take study of scientific publications outside of the advertising field to keep one step ahead of your competitor and in step with the constant reorientation of the buyer's mind."

The people at McCann-Erickson have taken Dr. Dichter's advice to heart. Susceptible by profession to short-lived enthusiasms, they have gone all out for Psychology—a weapon that can be turned not only on the consumer but on the client as well. In this instance, they have trained their heavy artillery of jargon on Detroit. The lesson for the car manufacturers is clear. Normal, moderately aspiring, right-thinking Americans—the very sort whose minds turn each fall to thoughts of the new model Chrysler—like Bill Lundigan. With just a little altering, this popular McCann-Erickson property will not only be undistinguishable from the ideal announcer; he will sell cars too. And for this treasure, the car-makers may thank the creative people at their advertising agency. (Hardened clients sometimes hire their own researchers, whose conclusions about ad impact can be a continuing source of pain to account executives.)

"Successful creativity usually follows a well-defined pattern," McCann-Erickson has explained to potential clients. "The first step is immersion in factual data. Hence the creative process actually begins when the first facts are gathered. Research people must see in imagination a picture of the problem, for their findings will kindle the creative fire."

THE admen are by no means Frankensteins —although they seem to have certain ambitions in that direction—and Lundigan is anything but a monster. He is a nice guy who has found that it comes easier to him to deliver commercials than love lines. Just now, he is being formed by one of McCann-Erickson's creative fires into harder stuff. His public personality, as it is revealed by the words he is given to say and the poses he is directed to adopt, is being altered slightly—from a host-salesman to a salesman-host. (He may very well be shuttled back again next season, on the basis of another series of tests conceived by the restless admen. Similar journeys have been taken by better known personalities.

The ultimate dream of the admen is to turn their likeable product into a mechanized version of a centaur, so that for the twelve million families who watch *Climax!* friendliness toward Lundigan means friendliness toward Chrysler —or, second best, to convince Detroit that this is so. Either way, it's a triumph for up-to-date psychology, with actor, sponsor, and, hopefully, audience all properly manipulated, as Dr. Dichter puts it, into exactly the right relationship. Everybody, that is, but us power-hungry Buick drivers.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Refugees and the UN

To the Editor of Commentary:

I would like to make a brief comment on Mr. Liskofsky's review of *The Refugee and the World Community* by John G. Stoessinger in your February number.

While agreeing emphatically with most of Mr. Liskofsky's theses, including the difficulties of getting states to agree to the right of asylum for refugees, I would like to take issue with the statement, taken over from Mr. Stoessinger, that the present situation in the refugee field is characterized by "duplication of services, lack of co-ordination among different agencies and general operational and administrative inefficiency."

It is true that in the earliest days of our Office the lack of operating funds made it impossible for the High Commissioner to take an active role in meeting many refugee problems. But the fact that since 1954 the UNREF program for permanent solutions has been supported by $8,412,849 from governments and private sources shows the situation has changed. Since November 5, when we issued the first appeal for help to Austria, approximately $7,200,000 has been contributed, mainly through our Office.

I think the Hungarian refugee situation has indeed shown that the High Commissioner's Office is capable of meeting a crisis. It is true that this Office is not an operating agency, but within three weeks of the beginning of the influx into Austria we had drawn up a tripartite agreement with the Austrian government and the League of Red Cross Societies which pointed the way for a uniform takeover of responsibility for care and maintenance by the League, with financial backing from UNHCR.

The cooperation with ICEM on the other hand has been excellent at all levels, at headquarters and in the field. I am not at all persuaded that increased efficiency would result from amalgamating the two organizations on the grounds that IRO must be restored at any cost. While ICEM has interests in other categories than refugees for movement purposes, we have a good division of labor on refugees. The High Commissioner is happy to have ICEM effect the movement of refugees, and there can be no talk of duplication. If anything was well coordinated since November it was the work of ICEM and UNHCR, which functioned in Austria and in Geneva without the slightest friction or misunderstanding.

James M. Read
Deputy High Commissioner for Refugees
United Nations
Geneva

Mr. Liskofsky *writes:*

I thank Mr. Read for his comments on my review. Concerning his point of dissent, my purpose was only to report the position of the author.

However, on receiving Mr. Read's letter I queried several high officials of responsible voluntary migration agencies concerning their views on Mr. Stoessinger's position. I also refreshed my recollection of press reports on the situation that prevailed during the early weeks of the Hungarian refugee exodus.

These inquiries indicated considerable support for Mr. Stoessinger's position. Though the voluntary agencies are appreciative of the sincere and valuable contributions of the UNHCR and the other inter-governmental agencies, they feel that the existing assignment of functions among the latter makes some overlapping and confusion inevitable. As far as the Hungarian refugee exodus is concerned, I may quote an informative article on the significance of the Hungarian experience, by Max Frankel in the New York *Times* of February 3, 1957:

"The failure of Western nations to coordinate their programs created countless complications here [Vienna] in recent weeks. . . .

"At present the United Nations Commissioner for Refugees has little authority. The Hungarian crisis appears to demonstrate that the West must at least provide for emergencies by granting a measure of authority to a central body.

"Every day in Vienna someone fretfully asks: 'What if Poland should pop?' The fear here is that, despite the emotions spent on the Hungarian crisis, the West will ignore the problems now raised in bold relief and continue to deal lightly with human lives."

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FBI

To the Editor of Commentary:

Some weeks ago you gave me an opportunity to review Don Whitehead's *The FBI Story*. Your readers will observe in this issue my fairly complete acceptance of the author's picture of that important institution.

However, since the book was published and I reviewed it, I have been much concerned at the increasing tendency of J. Edgar Hoover to set himself up as an infallible interpreter of facts. Mr. Hoover's long letter to Senator Eastland wasn't an appropriate letter for the best police official. It was an attempt to play judge or Sir Oracle. Mr. Hoover departed from the facts as well as from his function; for instance, when he denounced A. J. Muste in that letter as fronting for the Communists. What Mr. Muste did as an American citizen interested in truth and civil liberties was to agree to get non-Communist observers at a convention. It isn't the province of the FBI to pass on this sort of service.

Norman Thomas

New York City

Judicial Opinion

To the Editor of Commentary:

I am one of your admiring readers, but I live so far away from New York that I could read the January issue of Commentary only late in March. . . . Still I take great pleasure in giving expression to my appreciation of Professor Sidney Hook's article on "Liberalism and the Law" in your January issue. It is a marvel of ability, rational argument, and forceful style.

I wish to point out just one matter in connection with the first part of that article, which deals with the Supreme Court's power of reviewing and nullifying an Act of Congress. (. . . [as to] the second and main part of the article . . . I entirely agree with Professor Hook on the need for security measures to prevent subversion. His forceful plea for the middle course, avoiding both McCarthyism and the line taken by the late Professor Chafee, must be accepted in all democratic free countries.)

Professor Hook has said that the power of judicial review won by Chief Justice Marshall is not necessary or reliable; for, he says, while majorities in a democracy may sometimes be foolish and tyrannical, so also may minorities if invested with power—and the Supreme Court is the smallest of all minorities! Professor Hook tops his argument with a quotation from Morris Cohen that if judges are to be our rulers they should be elected.

I wish to point out that Professor Hook has overlooked the all-important fact that legislators need give no reasons for their votes while judges have to justify their conclusions with published reasons. The inherent force of truth and public reasoning is not a negligible sanction. It generally prevents judicial decisions on any question coming before the judges from going wrong, either deliberately or unconsciously. The Congressman's "yes" or "no" has not this advantage. The psychology of the profession to which judges belong has a restraining influence not the less true or powerful for being imponderable.

As for Morris Cohen's jibe at the claim of judges in effect to act as rulers without being elected, I need hardly point out that the sanction I have referred to as one that effectively restrains judges from going wrong, would not be there at all, if they were to be elected to their places. It is because they are qualified by training, and restrained by professional opinion, and do not gain their positions through popular elections but have continually to make good among fellow jurists, that they can be relied on as a Constitutional check on Congress against any infraction of liberties out of political bias.

C. Rajagopalachari

Madras, India

"The Lubovitcher Movement"

To the Editor of Commentary:

Please let me express my admiration for Herbert Weiner's article on "The Lubovitcher Movement: I" in the March edition of Commentary. . . . Its fairness, the attempt to understand and depict rather than misinterpret and distort is admirable. An organization which at first glance might be termed anachronistic or fanatic is described in an intelligent, probing manner rather than in the usual intolerant, prejudiced fashion. We too often term fanatics those who are but one inch to the right of us. May I add that recognition of the Lubovitcher movement's selflessness and devotion to Jewish tradition is a truism; especially so for one, like myself, brought up in one of their American "missionary" schools.

Congratulations from a firm and established subscriber.

Sherman D. Siff

New York City

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Fathers and Sons

THE SACRIFICE. By ADELE WISEMAN. Viking. 346 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by ALGENE BALLIF

POSSIBLY because it is a first novel, and in some ways better than many first novels, and possibly too because it was written by a serious young woman with a gift for rhetoric, *The Sacrifice* has been overpraised. A novel about Jews—idealized, stereotyped, and suffused with a kind of ethnic and domestic sentimentality—it does not give us much more than a series of conventional and fragmentary improvisations on an over-ambitious theme ("a novel of fathers and sons," as the dust-cover puts it).

The events and situations of *The Sacrifice* are drawn from a palimpsest of familiar tales. Abraham and his wife Sarah (their surname we never learn) are Ukrainian Jews who have fled to Canada with their only surviving child, Isaac, after a pogrom that has cost the lives of two older sons, Moses and Jacob. They settle in a town we never learn the name of, at a time referred to eventually as the Depression. Abraham, a butcher by necessity, finds work in the meat shop of a robust vulgarian, Hymie Polsky, whose bovine mistress, Laiah, is the relish of wagging tongues. While Abraham, Sarah, and Isaac take turns reminiscing about dead sons and past catastrophes, life goes on with comparative tranquillity. Isaac reaches his manhood, marries Ruth, an orphan, and brings her into his parents' household, where the four of them live in love and harmony despite occasional arguments provoked by Isaac's expounding of the Darwinian heresy. When Isaac and Ruth have a son and name him Moses Jacob after Isaac's dead brothers, Abraham believes that God is at last rewarding him for all his suffering and loss. Soon, however, the grieving Sarah dies. Then Isaac is invalided after indulging a rash heroic impulse—he rescues the Torah from a burning synagogue—which strains his already weakened heart. Within a year he too dies, and Abraham is left with his daughter-in-law and grandson. Overcome by a sense of loss, he rapidly becomes estranged from them, and falls into the habit of taking tea with the aging but still lively Laiah, to whom he is obliged to deliver meat. After a bitter and vindictive argument with Ruth one evening, he rushes to Laiah, and in the midst of her attempts to seduce him, suddenly goes mad and slaughters her with a bread knife—re-enacting the traumatic event of his youth (told in the opening pages) in which he was compelled by his master, a village butcher, to substitute for an unavailable *shochet* by performing the ritual slaughter of a cow.

After the murder, Abraham, under a delusion that he has killed all his sons, is committed to a madhouse. With the exception of Chaim Knopp, a chicken slaughterer who has become Abraham's best friend, the members of the Jewish community refuse to forgive, and deliberately forget, him. Years later, Moses Jacob, a sensitive youth with an exceptional musical talent, haunted by the dishonor and guilt his grandfather has caused him, visits Abraham for the first time. Unexpectedly he is moved to awe, love, and tears, and perceives in the old man a kind of holiness and power which is in some phylogenetic way imparted to him:

"And for a moment so conscious was he of his grandfather's hand on his own, of its penetrating warmth, of its very texture, that he felt not as though it merely lay superimposed on his own but that it was becoming one with his hand, nerve of his nerve, sinew of his sinew; that the distinct outlines had disappeared. It was with the strangest feeling of awakening that he saw their hands fused together—one hand, the hand of a murderer, hero, artist, the hand of a man."

Moses is to pick up the thread of conflict and reconciliation where his father and grandfather left off, to fuse madness, sanity, homicide, and holiness into one harmonious being. Abraham the murderer, Isaac the hero, Moses the artist—all are to become as one in him.

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What happens in the novel, however, has little to do with the characters to whom it happens; scarcely any of them are adequately related to what is supposed to be going on. The only characters who achieve a degree of credibility—the gossip Mrs. Plopler, the butcher Hymie Polsky, the chicken *shochet* Chaim Knopp—do so by way of their hollow ring of familiarity. They are not individuals, really, but types of Jews, and as such afford interest only to those who take their comfort in what they are well acquainted with.

Even Isaac, who next to Abraham was meant to be the most distinct and individual character in the book, emerges as another familiar, albeit more complicated, idea of a Jewish type. He is an aspect of the Eternal Jew, who affirms his heritage by acting at crucial moments in direct contradiction to all those forces of secularization and self-interest which he believes to have shaped him. It is another attempt to portray that self-consciously ironic type of modern Jewish hero who has been regarded as existentialist and traditionalist, atheist and believer, intellectual and innocent at one and the same time—a type who is supposed to resolve within himself the warring elements of that duality mankind has been fighting a losing battle with for so long.

In Isaac the author has given us a characterization which in its way is as typical of the pedestrian idea of the secularized Jewish intellectual as her minor characters are of the Jewish folk. Both are clichés; both are unable to tell us enough about people who Miss Wiseman would like us to believe are vitally affected by, and somehow at the heart of, the complexities and contradictions of our times.

It has often been said that the Jews are endowed with a canny ability to remain essentially Jewish while becoming for all practical purposes "like unto others." The nature of this apparent phenomenon, however, has yet to be understood. Miss Wiseman avoids the problem by bestowing upon Isaac all the trappings of the intellectual—the books, the "new ideas," the skepticism, and the pains of introspection—while keeping him safely within a Jewish context that spares him (and her) any encounter with the world which those trappings must imply. Thus his schism never really sees the light of day, but remains internal and abstract. What the author is saying to us most clearly is not that he was caught in the contradictions between his "self" and what he perceived to be real and true, but rather that he was finally above and beyond all such contradictions, was finally and profoundly a Jew. All he had learned and thought and felt, she conveys to us, were somehow not as important or genuine or admirable as his ultimate act of affirmation, and in no way were they truly opposed to it. "We really mean the same thing," Isaac concludes whenever he thinks about the stubborn orthodoxy of his father's notions—and herein lies the virtue that Miss Wiseman would have us discern.

Abraham, the central figure of the story, is an idealization of the immigrant Jewish patriarch which is so completely dependent upon an emotional and familial involvement with Judaism that he becomes a bit too sticky, as it were, even for the writer; two-thirds of the way through the novel she tries to put some sinew in him by plunging him into the harsh, ugly quarrel with Ruth which precipitates his murder of Laiah. This scene is the first and only attempt made to prepare us for the murder, an act which we are meant to understand as the consummation of Abraham's tragic fate, having its roots, we must recall, in the guilt and conflict consequent upon his youthful experience of killing a cow. Abraham's narration of this boyhood event, however, is itself a piece of literary fantasy quite dissociated from the Abraham of the last hundred pages. Its intention, rather, seems to be to establish, without a shred of irony, the character's particular chosenness: his archetypically "cosmic" sensibility, his complex experience of evil, and his profound virtue and benignity. It is also an occasion for Miss Wiseman to indulge her imaginative religiosity, and is turgid with the echoes of ancient sacrifice and the Biblical tale which gives her main characters their names:

"But it was not until after I had been forced to take a life that I really changed and was no longer a child. Not only did I see in that moment the depths of baseness in a man, but when I turned, trembling, to face the beast, I approached another mystery. Who has to take a life stands alone on the edge of creation. Only God can understand him then."

This kind of expression does not for a moment render the murder of Laiah a credible event. On the contrary, it tends to do just the reverse. It must be remembered in this connection that the greatest modern characterizer of murderers and madmen, Dostoevsky, took

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special pains to single out and accentuate in various ways those twists of nature in them which had most to do with their particular corruption or disease. But there is nothing in the recounting of Abraham's slaughter of the cow that legitimately suggests an incipient murderer or psychotic. No unwieldy disturbance attaches to the event, either for the author or for her character; it is all ingested, absorbed, assimilated, and verbalized. Nor does the passage contain anything that establishes the author's right to manipulate her protagonist in the gratuitous and "tragic" way she finally sees fit.

What is most disappointing about Miss Wiseman's novel is that in trying to deal so sympathetically with the relations of past and present, it fails to reveal the enormous and perhaps irreparable chasm that has opened between them for modern man. Miss Wiseman seems not really to have experienced this rift, and intones in its place the lofty notes of affirmation and rebirth. Hidden in the structure of her tale is an intimation of a kind of alienation of Jew from Jew, but it is an intimation never brought to life. What she has actually given us is a domestic melodrama with vitrually no social background. For a story which leans as heavily upon the facts of suffering and disruption as this one does, it is a wonder that so few of the realities behind those facts are permitted to appear.

Agency of Justice

THE FBI STORY, A REPORT TO THE PEOPLE. By DON WHITEHEAD. Random House. 368 pp. $4.95.

Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS

THIS is the story of the FBI and its hero, J. Edgar Hoover, as Mr. Hoover would like to have it told. It comes close to being a eulogy of the man and the institution.

It would, however, be very unfair to dismiss the book with this statement. Unquestionably it is an honest piece of work. Nothing in it makes one doubt Mr. Whitehead's sincerity in his initial statement: "I wanted to know how it was that J. Edgar Hoover had survived for 25 years as director of the FBI in a city of politics where the casualty rate runs high among bureau heads. I wanted to know how and why the FBI operates as it does. And I wanted to know if there were any basis to insinuations I had heard that the FBI represented any menace to civil rights."

Mr. Whitehead's two years' inquiry have been fruitful. He found the FBI cooperative in his search, and, to me, his book justifies his concluding statement: "In the whole struggle, the FBI represents the people's effort to achieve government by law. It is an agency of justice. And the FBI in the future will be as strong or as weak as the people demand it to be. No more. No less." To which I add that now that the people and their government have so mighty an agency of justice as the FBI, it behooves them to keep it from corruption and from political exploitation.

Mr. Whitehead's history bears out my own opinion, formed before I opened the book, that the FBI under Mr. Hoover has been as good or better than one would expect an agency of investigation to be in these tumultuous times in so big a nation as the United States. Clearly, it has been better than the police departments of our large cities. Better far than the so-called Bureau of Investigation of the period of the First World War, out of which the present FBI emerged in 1924. Its sins of omission and commission have resulted from the orders of the White House or the Department of Justice, rather than from its own initiative, and today I fear it less than I fear the glamorous sanctity and immunity from criticism with which it has been popularly invested.

AFTER a foreword by J. Edgar Hoover, the story begins by illustrating the FBI in action in the apprehension of the despicable criminal Jack Gilbert Graham, executed only the other day in Colorado for planting a time-bomb in a United Air Lines plane in order to kill his own mother on whose life he had placed high insurance.

Then Mr. Whitehead reverts to the FBI's beginning. That was in the original Federal Bureau of Investigation of 1908, which was mostly the creation of Theodore Roosevelt in his fight to halt the outrageous thievery of public lands in the Western states. This Bureau almost from the beginning was handicapped by politics. It was dreadfully unprepared for the test of the First World War, which it met badly, as the author makes reasonably clear. By 1921 the Bureau of Investigation had sunk so low that big busi-

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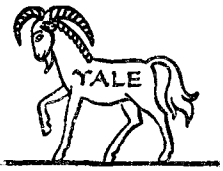

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ness's pet detective, William J. Burns, was its chief, and the notorious Gaston B. Means one of its agents. Even in those bad years, the Bureau was better than its host of amateur auxiliaries, better than Attorney General Palmer who ordered the infamous Red Raids, and better than local law enforcement agencies dealing with the Ku Klux Klan. But at the same time that the Bureau under Burns was doing something to protect civil rights in the South, it was sending men to spy on those members of Congress who were demanding investigation of the corruption in the Harding administration which culminated in the famous Teapot Dome scandal.

In these years, Mr. Hoover had been in the Bureau but by no means part of its inner circle. Harlan F. Stone, whom President Coolidge had appointed Attorney General to clean up the mess in the Department of Justice, was responsible for the reorganization of the Bureau and the appointment of Hoover to head it. They drew up a declaration of basic policies which still stands. Hoover's first business was to clean house, and in the process he served notice on Congress that the FBI was no longer a dumping ground for patronage appointments, and that he would not welcome political suggestions about promotions. From these first days onward, J. Edgar Hoover, as Mr. Whitehead tells the story, while frequently involved in the politics of Washington, was mostly engaged in them in order to keep politicians and partisan politics out of his Bureau.

CERTAIN of the author's omissions—sometimes of topics and names, sometimes of material relevant to stories presumably told in full—are decidedly surprising. Thus, the name of Senator McCarthy does not appear in the index or text. We are left to guess Mr. Hoover's opinion of him. There is no clear account of the degree to which the FBI was drawn into very dubious types of loyalty and security investigation. There are interesting chapters about the FBI's work in uncovering spies and checking sabotage and sedition. (The story of its work in South America was entirely new to me.) But the World War II evacuation of Japanese and Japanese Americans on the West Coast is not indexed and only briefly told in the text. Mr. Whitehead, however, confirms the report that Hoover looked upon the infamous deportation of some "120,000 Japanese Americans from their homes and farms . . . to relocation centers . . . as a mixture of politics and hysteria, not as an urgent measure of national defense."

In his younger days Mr. Hoover had disapproved of the use of volunteers, virtually vigilantes, in World War I and of the Palmer Red Raids. Nevertheless, he, or certainly the author, assumes too easily that the nascent Communist movement, along with the IWW and the anarchists, was responsible for the bombings which were commonly believed to be revolutionists' contribution to the violence, mostly patriotic, of the times. Both as a member of the Civil Liberties Bureau and an anti-Communist Socialist, I knew a good deal about the radicals' repudiation of individual terrorism which Communists, despite their belief in organized violent revolution, then shared.

The bombing of Mitchell Palmer's own house and the later more destructive bomb outrage in Wall Street were as likely the work of agents-provocateurs as of Wobblies or Communists under union or party orders. More likely they were the work of the kind of unstable individuals who respond to violence, confusion, and what they think is repression by resort to terroristic acts. In any case no revolutionist or radical was ever indicted for overt acts of violence during Mitchell Palmer's miscalled crusade. The open mobs were composed of patriots, often led by vigilantes. Mr. Hoover disapproved of them. Mr. Whitehead goes rather too far, however, in implying that the better adjustment of the demands of security to those of civil liberty in the Second World War was primarily due to Hoover's improved FBI. That played a part. So did our shame for the record in World War I. But mostly the difference was that after Pearl Harbor there was no organized political opposition to World War II. Even so, the treatment of Japanese Americans was worse in itself and in its implications for the future than any single one of the sins of the Wilson administration.

BUT to return to my listing of the omissions in Mr. Whitehead's story. One of them was the case of Frank Hague, boss of Jersey City and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. After my deportation from Jersey City by Hague's police in 1938, and his mob's violent interference with my meeting in Newark, I persuaded a grand jury to back

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my demand for an FBI investigation of Hague's rule in Hudson County. In the middle of the investigation, the chief agent was called off, by "promotion," to some place in the West. Frank Murphy, by that time Attorney General, got the investigation under way again, assuring me that he would "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." But the result was silence. Washington rumor told me that President Roosevelt himself had ordered the FBI's report pigeon-holed in the interest of party harmony. But such dealings as I had had with the FBI gave me confidence in the integrity of its proceedings.

Aside from this episode—and another to which I shall later refer—my personal contacts with the FBI were with agents making more or less routine loyalty and security inquiries about individuals. Without exception I found them courteous and intelligent. In one case an agent was both skillful and considerate in handling an inquiry which, mishandled, might have precipitated a family tragedy. (What I have not liked is the conduct of some FBI graduates in civil life.)

My request for an investigation of the recent disappearance, almost certainly the kidnapping and murder, of Professor Jesus de Galindez, the enemy of Dictator Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, was turned down by decision of the Department of Justice and President Eisenhower himself. As is usual in important cases, the FBI has given some aid in the matter to the New York City police upon the latter's request; and the city police, I am told, have not dropped the case.

IN CHAPTER 22 of Mr. Whitehead's book, you will find the wartime story of George Dasch and his landing from a German submarine, with fellow saboteurs, on Long Island. The saboteurs were apprehended a week after their landing, when George Dasch himself went to Washington and told the whole story. (This fact was not made public at the time, and not publicly admitted, as I recall, until well after the end of the war.) The saboteurs, as we were all informed, were tried in secret by a military court and all but two, Dasch and Burger, sentenced to death. The fortunate two received very long prison sentences. Of the trial and these sentences Mr. Whitehead says nothing. One day late in 1946 or early in the next year, a woman came to see me saying that she did so at the request of her

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husband, George Dasch. At that moment the name meant nothing to me. She herself, an American citizen, made a good impression. Her story was that she herself was a loyal citizen who had worked faithfully in a war industry. She believed in her husband and in the story he wanted her to tell me. In brief, he had saved the country much damage by revealing the German submarine plot; he had had some trouble getting a hearing in Washington; the FBI and the Department of Justice had promised him that, while under war conditions he could not be set free, he would be released after the war was over. Now, he said, that promise was unfulfilled, and he had asked his wife to seek my help.

I made some preliminary inquiries at the New York office of the FBI and partially verified this tale. Then I turned to that great lawyer and champion of civil liberty, Arthur Garfield Hays. We—mostly he—had no great trouble in persuading the FBI, or rather the Department of Justice, to fulfill its promise. This it did upon condition that Dasch would accept deportation to Germany, where, one FBI man told us, he thought Dasch would not survive very long. Dasch took the chance and went to Germany with his wife. For some years he made a peaceful living there, but around about 1952 or 1953 his story became known and, he said, his life was threatened. Then I began to get letters from him, asking for help to get back to America. He repeated his old claim that he had deliberately enlisted as a saboteur in order to help the country in which he had long lived and of which his wife was a citizen; furthermore, he had almost immediately been disillusioned by Hitler on his previous return to Germany, before the war, and now he could no longer earn a living there, and his life was in danger.

Arthur Garfield Hays, alas, had died before I could do much about this matter. But moved by repeated appeals by letter from Mrs. Dasch, I took the matter up in Washington. The FBI told me what it had earlier told Mr. Hays: that Dasch had turned informant only after he had run into an American sailor, John Cullen, on the Amagansett beach, whom he had bribed and threatened. He knew, however, that sooner or later Cullen would report the meeting and set the FBI on his trail. Therefore he had turned informer to save himself. To this Dasch replied to me, and repeatedly to Washington, that he could and would have killed Cullen and buried him in the sand or in the sea had he been willing to stain his hands with murder; what he had needed was only time—which he got—to plan the successful betrayal of the whole German plot. The FBI and the Department of Justice remained unconvinced. I argued that in any case, Dasch had performed an important, perhaps an immensely important, service to the United States, and was entitled to a chance to live and work in the country of which his wife was a citizen. There were even more than the usual bureaucratic delays in getting an answer from the Department of Justice (not the FBI), but at last the Department informed me that it denied further consideration to Dasch not because of its old contention that he turned informer only through fear, but because he had publicly complained against the United States in East Germany, where he had gone for a time.

The bureaucratic delays were not the fault of the FBI. Its version of Dasch's motives may be correct. But Mr. Whitehead's story implies that the solution of the case was more of a triumph of FBI techniques than it actually was. Could a similar comment be justly made on other stories in his book if we knew all the facts? Anyhow, the case of the saboteurs hardly ranks with the more spectacular achievements of the FBI—as, for example, the discovery of the kidnapper of the Weinberger baby on Long Island. That story, among other things, illustrates the value of fingerprints. And Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Hoover almost have convinced this doubting Thomas that the registry of citizens' fingerprints—at least on a voluntary basis—may be more of a protection than a police state measure. But I still doubt the wisdom, psychologically, of requiring fingerprints of visitors from abroad. And on this note I close this rather garrulous review of a very interesting and, on the whole, convincing book.

Englishmen and Jews

BIBLE AND SWORD. By BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. New York University Press. 268 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by HERBERT HOWARTH

PROBE into almost any period of British history and you come on men and women strik-

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ing dramatic attitudes against the background of Israel and Israel's Scripture. Mrs. Tuchman's study, which is concerned to show the longevity of the Anglo-Saxon tradition of identification with Israel and to separate and define several versions of it, richly documents this fact with case-history after case-history, which must catch the imagination of anyone who has brooded on the appeal of Jerusalem and Jewry to the Northwestern mind.

Henry Bolingbroke arrives in Jerusalem, a pilgrim, with one donkey carrying his provisions; many years later, after he has deposed a king, assumed the crown, and is reigning securely, he is obsessed by the thought that he must die in Jerusalem, and actually dies in the "Jerusalem Chamber" at Westminster. John Sanderson travels the Levant in 1601 in the company of Jewish merchants from Smyrna, Damascus, and Constantinople, receives their friendship, learns to admire them, notes their conviction that "Jerusalem shall be built againe and their Messias come and make them princes, as they have been in time past, but then to govern all the wourlde." In the 17th century the reformers preach and fight and rule in an ecstasy of almost complete identification with the nation of the Old Testament. They Hebraicize their thinking and conduct—Milton is the most famous case in point—and correspondingly they all but Hebraicize the laws of England. In sign of their orientation they give their infants the obscurest of Old Testament names—a practice which, after three hundred years, has not entirely disappeared, but smolders, as I know from names in use in my father's family only a little while back, among the grimly moralistic workingmen of the dour Pennine valleys. By way of reaction from the fanaticism of the 17th century the English Augustans are the least enthusiastic for Israel's past, since their overt preference is for the rational, and that tends, even though the irrational cracks through the frame of their expositions, to favor the acceptance of the status quo. Yet the tradition has not been stifled, is alive among the common people who are always readiest to nourish it, and is tapped there by the non-conforming preachers, is recovered, and in the 19th century it sweeps the country again.

The Victorian interest in Israel is, I suppose, the most fascinating to the reader who views this subject in the light of the modern emergence of the Jewish nation. A curious

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thing has happened. The 17th century vehementists imagined their own country, and their own inner and outer selves, remade in terms of the ancient Israel. That image was transformed by a century underground and then by the sudden social change, the growth of industry and the disclosure of its potential, which encouraged the pragmatic objectivization of all human hopes in material terms. So in the 19th century the Israel image gradually acquires a political and territorialist character, and the ideal of the British Gentile who cherishes it is to play a part in assisting the remaking of Israel as a nation on the original soil. Defined that way, the conduct even of the best Victorians may seem more complacent than that of their Puritan predecessors, but nevertheless is more meaningful, and undeniably more agreeable. The period of English history in which most of us can rejoice most *not* to have lived, is the period of Cromwell. But we could have lived with some excitement and pleasure as the contemporaries of some of the Victorians Mrs. Tuchman analyzes. Of Alexander MacCaul, for example. His goal in life was misguided—the conversion of the Jews to Christianity—but his conduct was admirable: he left a promising career at Trinity College, Dublin, went to Warsaw, learned Hebrew; during the spare hours of a busy life he wrote out the Pentateuch in Hebrew eight times. Equally remarkable was his daughter, who learned Hebrew at three and taught it at twelve years old. She married James Finn, the celebrated British Consul at Jerusalem, where she worked with him under the drive of the idea that the Holy Land should be reopened to "its lawful owners, the Hebrew nation." One is reminded of another Victorian lady, whom Mrs. Tuchman does not have space to include, the lady who became Mrs. Israel Zangwill: she belonged to a Gentile family devoted to Hebrew scholarship, the language and the history were in her blood.

Indeed, among the Victorians the passion for Israel appears ubiquitously. Apart from such familiar cases as George Eliot's, of which Mrs. Tuchman gives an excellent résumé, we know of Browning's interest in the language, of Hardy's sensitivity to the tradition, even of Trollope's presence at meetings where the future of Jerusalem was debated.

THESE were passionate people. In them an old profound hope rekindled at the thought of a Jewish nation resettling in its original land. Mrs. Tuchman desires to designate them and their predecessors through the first component of her title: the Bible. But there is a second component: the Sword. The purpose of her title, which becomes apparent and is cogently pressed from the middle of her narrative onward, is to show that the interest taken by Britain in the peace of Jerusalem has been the result of Bible and Sword in combination. The Biblical impulse has been entangled with its converse, calculations of political profit, these in turn being dependent on the demand for material profit. The point is clearly dramatized in a chapter describing relations between Shaftesbury and Palmerston. Shaftesbury's impulses were "Biblical." The consuming religious fervor that led him in other contexts to press for so much humane legislation, convinced him in respect of Jewry that the British government should help to make a return to Israel practicable. He knew the world, however, and with a certain foxiness won Palmerston's support at the political level by arguments couched in terms of imperial strategy. In response to these Palmerston "came through handsomely."

A possibly even more impressive demonstration of the dual motivation of British action lies in the case of Balfour. His one mind encompassed both poles of the duality. I am inclined to conjecture, though I clearly admit that Mrs. Tuchman does not think so, that even at the moment of Balfour's crucial first meeting with the young Chaim Weizmann in 1906 the duality was operating in Balfour in a personal, microcosmic way. He asked to meet Weizmann, saying that he wished to understand (and could not learn from his "assimilationist Reform" friends) why the Zionist party had rejected Uganda. My conjecture is that Balfour both genuinely wanted to understand the Zionist position, *and also* wanted, by his gesture in seeking to meet Weizmann, to gain the support, in the election he was then fighting in that city, of some of Manchester's Jewish voters. However that may be, it is certain that eleven years later, when he made his famous Declaration, he fully represented both Bible and Sword. The Declaration satisfied him imaginatively after his long meditation on what he had learned from Weizmann, and similarly satisfied all those in Britain whose sympathies had been accumulating for a National Home; and yet it satisfied the political

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and military school of thought. Particularly it satisfied the latter by its elusive and disputable wording, that made it a passport for Britain to a bridgehead in the Levant yet did not commit her irretrievably to a partisan policy. In Balfour the dualism of Bible and Sword is epitomized.

When Shaftesbury collaborated with Palmerston the two approaches to the Middle East, the religious and the political, converged. After the Balfour Declaration they begin to diverge. So divergent were they a quarter of a century later, when Britain evacuated Palestine, that the combination of terms "Bible and Sword" had acquired new implications. The Victorians had believed that an Englishman's Bible and Sword were partners. In our time they have begun to seem mutually antagonistic. The Middle East has often been spoken of recently as the testing point compelling the great powers to choose between morality and expediency.

WHAT was it, when all is said and done, that led so many Britishers to equate an active interest in the fate and future of Israel with duty and morality? Mrs. Tuchman has marshaled a good deal of material that enables us to consider this radical question. For the Celts the Jewish people became "our original selves." For the Anglo-Saxons they became "our purest selves." The very rigor of the Old Testament code, the very violence of Old Testament conduct and prophecy and castigation and self-castigation, conduced toward the identification. A blind eye was turned toward the luxury of a part of the Old Testament: that was Israel in error; the real voice of Israel was the voice of rebuke and cruel condemnation of that error. Much of the "Biblical" impetus behind the Anglo-Saxon interest in Israel bears that Cromwellian character. But not all. There are two other considerations richer by far. One is the warmth and vigor of Jewish life, deriving from its matriarchal concentration. The appeal of this is recognized more overtly by the French; it is delineated better in French literature and mythology; I hope that someone will study, as Mrs. Tuchman has studied Anglo-Israel ideology, the implications, delicate though they are to handle, of the French worship of *la muse juive*. Even in England, though concealed, the same desire for an animating fire, and a hope that it can be lent from Israel, has been at work.

The second factor that I have in mind, and I am sure that it has been more potent than any, is this: through the Hebrew Testament, through the emergence in Israel of the founder of Christianity, through the living of the Jewish faith with its inextinguishable Messianism in many cities of the world, the Jewish people afford the most striking and persistent reminder of a tradition to which the Anglo-Saxon mind is resolutely attached. It is true that the British people is pragmatic, that it likes to occupy itself with material concerns, that it resists the spiritual in many forms. But at Hebrew Messianism it kindles. Many paragraphs in *Bible and Sword* manifest that. When Lewis Way was riding from Exmouth to Exeter he "admired a magnificent stand of oaks . . . and was told by a companion that a former owner of the property, one Jane Parminter, had given orders in her will that it was never to be cut down till the Jews should be restored to Palestine." Jane Parminter was a typical British Messianist *à l'outrance*. And as soon as Lewis Way heard her story, he became, so

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the legend goes, another, and went home and re-read his Bible and devoted his remaining years and his wealth to the cause that had inspired her.

Bible and Sword is a book with a twofold excellence: it is rich in significant detail, and it directs attention to fundamental questions. It is the product of considerable reading ranging over two thousand years of history and involving the habits and experience of many communities, and it is written with an impressive, steady force. It prompts the reconsideration of a variety of topics from the place of the Grail legend in the Celtic mythos to the mind of Cromwell or Shaftesbury or Disraeli. Mrs. Tuchman has made a courageous survey of the stranger-than-Cretan labyrinth of the British-Israeli psycho-political complex. Much of the pleasure and savor of her book lies in the detailed materials she has assembled, but it also has the great merit of undertaking a synthesis of a most difficult and fascinating subject.

Poser of Questions

THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL & OTHER PAPERS. By RANDOLPH BOURNE. S. A. Russell. 309 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by MARK HARRIS

RANDOLPH BOURNE died in 1918, at thirty-two, six weeks after the armistice ending a war he had opposed with bitter determination. He died of influenza. He was not hounded to death's door, as some of his admirers held and even believed, by the United States government, the Secret Service, George Creel, or vigilantes. John Dos Passos's memorable portrait of Bourne in his novel *1919*, sympathetic as it is, is simply not a portrait of the Bourne who composed during the last year of the war, living more or less in comfort, his most enduring work—the essay on the state. His death, however, as Dorothy Teall observes, "had the effect of arresting him in the attitude of his wartime protest," as if that had been his battleground. But the stakes of the contest were actually much larger.

Today, hardly anybody knows who he was. When Granville Hicks recently alluded to Bourne in conversation with a New York book editor—a learned young man but one born in the innocent year 1922—the editor asked simply, "Who?" He was a dissenter-at-large, more a Thoreau than, say, a Debs, assigning to himself the duty to scrutinize, not to join. He was not (despite the title of this excellent new volume) primarily literary. Radical he was, and in his student days a registered Socialist, but his thinking soon went beyond the point where it bore any resemblance to the formal programs of any political party. Bourne wrote diligently on behalf of experimental education, city planning, labor organization, and the tragedy of poverty during those years of optimistic excitement between 1912 and 1916; but when, for example, experimental education threatened to harden into something we may call "Deweyism," he was quick to question whether universal agreement truly resembled the individualism the New Education had earlier celebrated.

He wins, therefore, few friends among the organized. He was never a regular. He equated "doing good," whether the good was projected by left or right, with the arrogance of Puritanism. He would probably have remained, had he lived, as clearly unaffiliated with the alignment of the 1930's as he had been with the war mood of 1917.

Yet he was no cynic, certainly no admirer of Mencken. He strove, always, toward the formulation of a critique which would prevent the best of intentions from petrifying into dogma, and so it is his restlessness, never his blueprint, which commends him. He is a model of that temperament which cherishes individual identity. His complaint was against the organizational means which obstructed ends, and his haste demanded, as Van Wyck Brooks writes in the introduction to this volume, that "new and very different American [which] was no academic idea but a necessity so urgent it had begun to be a reality."

PHYSICALLY crippled from birth, Bourne refused to accept the protection of a family only too eager, as he felt, to indulge his misfortune, and fled from Bloomfield, New Jersey. At Columbia University he sacrificed sinecure by raising a cry over the exploitation of campus scrubwomen, and by insisting with vigor that pedantic futility had nothing in common with scholarship. After a year's travel in Europe he returned in time to contribute to the first volume of the *New Republic*, and his work for that magazine was his principal support until he broke with it in 1917.

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This *I Believe*

By Allan F. Mathews*

"In feudal days, noblemen and ladies accepted as natural the situation where they lived sumptuously in manors and the common people labored in poverty. The dominant error of those aristocrats lay in the assumption that hereditary rights and political power which enabled them to maintain special economic privileges also justified those privileges. A corresponding error is being committed by the highly developed nations today. Because our fathers were Americans or Europeans, we in the fortunate quarter of the globe have hereditary rights and political power that enables us to maintain special economic privileges, and we still hold to the feudal concept that blood lines and power justify our keeping these privileges.

"Part of the disparity between prosperous areas on the earth and poor ones is traceable to climate, soil, terrain, and waterways. Such geographic diversity makes the world more interesting. There is nothing wrong with North America and Western Europe being oases. What is wrong is to build privileged walls around those waterholes of civilization. The bricks of those walls are tariffs, trade quotas, currency exchange restrictions, and migration barriers. These are as responsible as is geography for the poverty in underdeveloped countries.

"Yet most of our policies that are economic inequities to other parts of the world must be preserved, for at least awhile, in the interest of protecting our political liberties. The way out of the dilemma seems to be to recognize that our international economic policies are justified in part because of the good in them but that they can be wholly justified only if we make due compensation for the unfair harm they do to other peoples. With that kind of rationale, Western man could grow beyond the alms concept—unsatisfactory to recipient and donor alike—and get down to calculating the extent of his damages to underdeveloped countries and to making just compensation for them."

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This break, it would at first appear, was over the question of U.S. entry into the war, but in a more accurate sense the question of the war only hastened a rupture which would have come anyway. The *New Republic,* between 1914 and 1917, under the guidance of Herbert Croly and Walter Lippmann, was an exponent of the ideal of inevitable democratic progress. The age, it thought, was "new." And the magazine declared itself to be "a journal of opinion which seeks to meet the challenge of a new time." *The Promise of American Life* was Croly's testament, while Lippmann, in *Drift and Mastery,* phrased his clear conviction that the former was intolerable, the latter probable.

His break with the magazine signified, really, Bourne's alienation from the great majority of intellectuals, and he was soon, in Dwight Macdonald's language, "really alone. Sustained by no party comradeship or loyalty to a definite set of political principles, Bourne reacted simply as a thoughtful and humane individual, which makes his stand all the more heroic, in a sense."

By the time he wrote the essays in *The Seven Arts*—three of which, "The War and the Intellectuals," "A War Diary," and "Twilight of Idols," are here reprinted for the first time in almost forty years—Bourne was reconciling himself to the unhappy view that mass-man may best be likened to a "herd." It was not the current democratic theology, but it was Bourne's analysis of things, and, just as he had moved to this view from the optimism of 1914, so did he move from here to the equally unhappy conclusion that intellectuals, too, no less than mass-man, were a "herd." They cling, he said, if not to widely popular ideas, to ideas popular among their fellow intellectuals. They thus enjoy exactly that psychological safety non-intellectuals choose above the pursuit of hard or unpleasant truths.

There exist, said Bourne, fashions in thought, "herd-intellect," and intellectuals frequently cultivate, in their anxiety to wear the fashion, a habit of endorsement. This habit is most pernicious when, as in 1917, the reigning philosophy has been pragmatic, activist, for intellectuals are then instrumentalists, preoccupied by means rather than by ends. Look, said Bourne, at the "younger intelligentsia" of 1917: "They have absorbed the secret of scientific method as applied to political administration. They are liberal, enlightened, aware. They are a wholly new force in American life, the product of the swing in the colleges from a training that emphasized classical studies to one that emphasized political and economic values. Practically all this element, one would say, is lined up in service of the war-technique. There seems to have been a peculiar congeniality between the war and these men. It is as if the war and they had been waiting for each other. . . . [They] have learned all too literally the instrumental attitude toward life . . . accepting with little question the ends as announced from above. . . . It is now becoming plain that unless you start with the vividest kind of poetic vision, your instrumentalism is likely to land you just where it has landed this younger intelligentsia. . . . You must have your vision and you must have your technique."

That which was "becoming plain" to Bourne troubles thoughtful Americans of a later decade, seeking a more fruitful alliance between vision and technique. It was one of a number of questions Bourne raised. His singular quality is his remarkable habit of posing questions in advance of fashion.

Sir Anthony Eden

PORTRAIT OF A STATESMAN. By DENNIS BARDENS. Philosophical Library. 326 pp. $6.00.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE: THE ALANBROOKE DIARIES. By ARTHUR BRYANT. Collins (London). 30 sh.*

Reviewed by GEORGE LICHTHEIM

SIR ANTHONY EDEN's resignation last January was one of those events that go on echoing down the corridors of time long after the curtain has dropped. Following the shock of the Suez fiasco, it needed only the disintegration of the Eden myth for British Conservatism to relapse into its pre-Churchillian mood of sullen resistance to the trend of the times. Churchill had imposed himself upon Britain, and in the process imposed his concept of Anglo-American partnership upon the Tory party (and perhaps upon the Republican party, though this is something an outsider cannot judge). With Eden the Tories reverted to type, and by so doing gave the State Department the long-sought chance to repudiate the wartime and

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postwar partnership with Britain. It is an odd comment on Sir Anthony Eden's previous reputation that his brief premiership will be remembered chiefly for having closed a period during which Britain was still able to mask her weakness by tactical finesse: not, one would have thought, an outcome to be expected from letting a master diplomat take over the controls.

But was Eden ever more than a skilled and patient negotiator, arguing from a brief drawn up by others? To be fair, during most of his career he himself did not think so. Mr. Bardens's biography, though not very illuminating in other respects, at least makes it clear that from his boyhood Eden had no exaggerated notion of his abilities, and this modest estimate was widely shared. Even by the mid-30's, when the papers hailed him as the Geneva League's St. George battling the dragon of "aggression," he was very definitely Stanley Baldwin's young man—so regarded by himself and his friends, let alone opponents. And from the shadow of Baldwin, after a brief and far from uncomfortable interlude in opposition, he passed into the orbit of Churchill, who in his turn employed him on secondary errands while he ran the war. The twenty-one months of his premiership were thus the only time in Eden's life when he had to shoulder responsibility—with what results, the world is witness.

Mr. Bardens closes his account of Eden's career in early 1955, when he had just become Prime Minister after concluding a successful spell at the Foreign Office under Churchill (whose niece he had married three years previously, after separating from his first wife). In view of what happened thereafter, it is only just to note that his biographer in 1955 had some doubts concerning his subject's ability to step into Churchill's shoes. On the whole, though, he felt reasonably confident that Eden would overcome his constitutional handicaps. What were they? On this point Mr. Bardens throughout his opening chapters is a trifle coy, but nonetheless enlightening.

The family background was distinguished, but life at Windlestone had its dampening side. Heavily set upon by an eccentric and irascible father, the boy struck his elders as shy and dreamy. "Early photographs give an odd impression of frailty, despite the fact that he had no physical disability." "Often he would look for his hat when it was in his hand. Once he was heard reciting his prayers as he was on a swing in the grounds; asked why, he replied that he was going to bed!" Nor was there a deep change in his disposition when he left home for school. "At Eton, Anthony Eden was definitely unhappy," although "his brother Timothy protected him against much of the bullying that would certainly have come his way." "There is absolutely nothing about Anthony Eden's career at Eton that would have encouraged anyone to predict that he would ever be a leader of men, or make a mark."

From Eton in 1916, he went straight to the front, and though he performed no wonders he did get a medal for a characteristic bit of courageous decency: bringing back a wounded non-com from No Man's Land. "Ever afterwards Sergeant Harrop has never tired of telling how the lean, pink-cheeked youth, whose polite ways and clipped language had caused many a joke in the ranks, had saved his life." Nor did the Conservative newspapers tire of the subject. It became in fact the starting point of Eden's political career.

THAT career from the first testified to Eden's uncanny ability for attaching himself to his elders and betters. In 1923 at twenty-six he married the daughter of an important Conservative newspaper publisher, and simultaneously got himself elected to Parliament for a safely Conservative seat, after a farcical campaign in which the elderly Countess of Warwick (a distant relative) stood for the Labor party! Thus at one stroke he had acquired a political base and a journalistic outlet, though his occasional contributions to the *Yorkshire Post* were unimpressive (his biographer, who applauds him throughout this chapter, nonetheless feels some qualms at his total indifference to home affairs and his "genius for keeping out of controversy"). Even the General Strike of 1926 made absolutely no impression on him! On the other hand, he was becoming known for his reliability as a party man, and for the effect his handsome features were having on the newly enfranchised women voters. Stanley Baldwin, who dominated British politics during this period, gave it as his considered opinion that "Anthony is good for 2,500 extra votes for the Conservatives in any constituency he visits," and this estimate did him no harm with the party managers.

He was now shifting a little to the left, becoming known as a League of Nations man, and the emergence of the Axis threat gave him his opportunity. The 30's indeed were his

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most active period, although his biographer candidly admits that for the most part he was trying to execute policies laid down by others. When, after Baldwin's retirement in 1937, he tried to assert himself a little, Chamberlain promptly got rid of him—an episode which furnishes Mr. Bardens with material for several chapters filled with judicious praise for his hero. The war and Churchill brought him back into office—in fact he had now found a new protector. Unlike Churchill, Eden was genuinely representative of Tory sentiment, and his sincere attachment to the older man thus contributed an element of political strength. But to the actual running of the war he made no great contribution (how small it was, the diligent reader can discover by studying the *Alanbrooke Diaries,* in which he is invariably described as "charming"—and then dismissed without further ado).

It is thus something of a puzzle to account for the strength and persistence of the Eden myth throughout a quarter century, and there is evidence that this puzzlement extends to his biographer. Mr. Bardens indeed has done his best for his hero, but every now and then he is compelled to register polite criticism. Of Eden's first public address after his resigna-

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tion from the Chamberlain government in February 1938, he writes: "It was a harmless speech which pleased his supporters if it did not satisfy them." This note recurs so often that in time it becomes almost comical. To balance it, there are copious references to Eden's honesty, integrity, and capacity for hard work, as well as to his talent for ingratiating himself with the opposition: most Labor members in the thirties rather liked him, and the Liberals positively doted on him.

This too is significant: when he entered Parliament in 1923, Captain Eden had been no different from a hundred other Tories in his staunch advocacy of Protection, Empire Preference, and a bigger military budget. But he always moved with the tide, and while the diehards stuck to their outmoded guns, he became a League of Nations man, Baldwin's protégé ("Do you what you think best, my boy, I'll back you to the hilt"), and latterly Churchill's. Only at the very end did he for a brief flash revert to classical Toryism—and then so apologetically and half-heartedly that Colonel Nasser had no trouble getting the better of him. How Churchill would have wiped the floor with the Egyptian dictator, isolating him morally before liquidating him! When Eden tried to evoke memories of the Axis threat he merely sounded pathetic, and the subsequent intervention was so hopelessly bungled from every viewpoint (including the military) that for the first time the Eden myth itself came unstuck.

Why did the image and the man diverge so suddenly and so dramatically? In psychological terms, the answer is not far to see for the reader who follows Mr. Bardens's somewhat hackneyed and journalistic account with the proper degree of attention: Anthony Eden, the man who had remained in the shadow for too long, ought never to have been exposed to the rigors of full responsibility. Politically, his failure was that of his party.

And yet one hesitates to write the Tories off. They represent one of the toughest strands in the national tradition, and though that tradition is now being eroded by forces beyond the control of any man or group, it is difficult to visualize a Britain in which the Conservative party will not have an important part to play. Its roots go pretty deep—all the way back to the great crucial experience of the 17th century—and one must be lacking in a sense of history not to realize how closely present-day British political alignments still follow the geological rift traced by the past. The two-party system is more than a parliamentary convention!

ANYONE curious to discover what lies at the core of this unbroken tradition can do no better than study the wartime diaries of Churchill's Chief of Staff, General Brooke (now Viscount Alanbrooke). Edited by a well-known historian, they present part of the "inside story" of the years 1939-43 (there is to be a second volume). But they do more: in addition to a great deal of politico-military material (valuable as a corrective to Churchill's brilliant but egotistical *History*), there emerges the unconscious self-portrait of a highly intelligent yet rigidly conventional military man of the kind that all empires (especially threatened empires) stand urgently in need of: immensely capable, stoically impassive in victory or defeat, yet sensitively aware of what war means to the ordinary man (there are some appalling pen pictures of the horrors of military collapse in 1940). In some respects Brooke was untypical: an Ulsterman, he was born and brought up in France, whose language he spoke like a native. Yet the British military hierarchy found its ultimate embodiment in this owlish staff officer who awed the flamboyant Montgomery, made short work of Churchill's amateurish excursions into strategy, and among his American opposite numbers recognized only MacArthur as his equal. (He had no great opinion of either Eisenhower or Marshall.)

Throughout it all there is an impassivity

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for which one must go back to the classics. At the peak of British disasters, with Singapore, Hong Kong, and most of the British battle fleet wiped out almost simultaneously, plus defeat on land in North Africa and at sea from the U-boats, the Chief of Staff who under Churchill bore the final responsibility notes in his diary: "I have during the last ten years had an unpleasant feeling that the British Empire was decaying and that we were on a slippery decline. I wonder if I was right? I certainly never expected that we should fall to pieces as fast as we are. . . ." That could have come from Marcus Aurelius. The empire may have vanished but its last defender takes his place with the great names of antiquity.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ALGENE BALIFF is a young writer living in New York. She contributed an article, "Anne Frank on Broadway," to the November 1955 COMMENTARY.

NORMAN THOMAS is, of course, the distinguished Socialist and fighter for American civil liberties.

HERBERT HOWARTH, the British poet and critic, is teaching this year at Montana State University.

MARK HARRIS, whose latest novel is *A Ticket for a Seamstitch,* teaches English at San Francisco State College.

GEORGE LICHTHEIM's pieces on the Middle East are one of our regular features.

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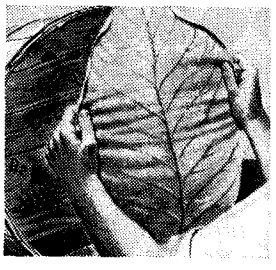

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